

THE
I L I A D

HOMER;

TRANSLATED

BY ALEXANDER POPE.

VOL. III

LONDON:

PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM,
Corncell-Street,

FOR J. SHARPE, OPPOSITE ALBANY, PICCADILLY;
W. SUTCLIFF, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET; AND
TAYLOR AND HENRY, FLEET STREET.

1809.



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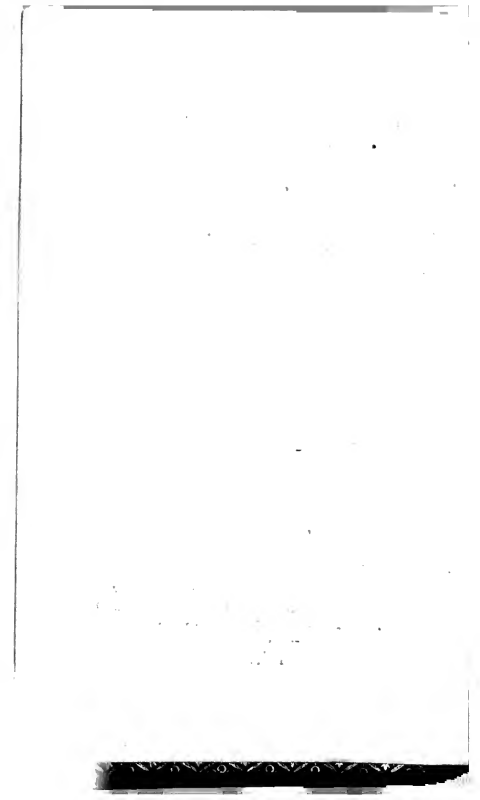
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THE
TWELFTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

THE BATTLE AT THE GRECIAN WALL.

THE Greeks having retired into their intrenchments, Hector attempts to force them ; but it proving impossible to pass the ditch, Polydamas advises to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counsel ; and having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the assault. But upon the signal of an eagle with a serpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavours to withdraw them again. This Hector opposes, and continues the attack : in which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the first breach in the wall : Hector also, casting a stone of a vast size, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriously pursue the Grecians even to their ships.

THE
ILIAD.

BOOK XII.

WHILE thus the hero's pious cares attend
The cure and safety of his wounded friend,
Trojans and Greeks with clashing shields engage,
And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.
Nor long the trench or lofty walls oppose ;
With gods averse the' ill-fated works arose ;
Their powers neglected, and no victim slain,
The walls were rais'd, the trenches sunk in vain.

Without the gods, how short a period stands
The proudest monument of mortal hands !
This stood while Hector and Achilles rag'd,
While sacred Troy the warring hosts engag'd ;
But when her sons were slain, her city burn'd,
And what surviv'd of Greece to Greece return'd ;
Then Neptune and Apollo shook the shore,
Then Ida's summits pour'd their watry store ;
Rhesus and Rhodius then unite their rills,
Caresus roaring down the stony hills,
Æsepus, Granicus, with mingled force,
And Xanthus foaming from his fruitful source ;
And gulfy Simois, rolling to the main
Helmets, and shields, and godlike heroes slain :

These, turn'd by Phœbus from their wonted ways,
Delug'd the rampire nine continual days ;
The weight of waters saps the yielding wall,
And to the sea the floating bulwarks fall.
Incessant cataracts the thunderer pours,
And half the skies descend in sluicy showers.
'The god of ocean, marching stern before,
With his huge trident wounds the trembling shore,
Vast stones and piles from their foundation heaves,
And whelms the smoky ruin in the waves.
Now smooth'd with sand, and levell'd by the flood,
No fragment tells where once the wonder stood ;
In their old bounds the rivers roll again,
Shine 'twixt the hills, or wander o'er the plain.

But this the gods in later times perform ;
As yet the bulwark stood, and brav'd the storm ;
The strokes yet echoed of contending powers ;
War thunder'd at the gates, and blood distain'd the
towers.

Smote by the arm of Jove, and dire dismay,
Close by their hollow ships the Grecians lay :
Hector's approach in every wind they hear,
And Hector's fury every moment fear.
He, like a whirlwind, toss'd the scattering throng,
Mingled the troops, and drove the field along.
So midst the dogs and hunter's daring bands,
Fierce of his might, a boar or lion stands ;
Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form,
And hissing javelins rain an iron storm :
His powers untam'd their bold assault defy,
And where he turns, the rout disperse, or die :
He foams, he glares, he bounds against them all,
And if he falls, his courage makes him fall.
With equal rage encompass'd Hector glows ;
Exhorts his armies, and the trenches shows.

The panting steeds impatient fury breathe,
But snort and tremble at the gulf beneath;
Just on the brink they neigh, and paw the ground,
And the turf trembles, and the skies resound.
Eager they view'd the prospect dark and deep,
Vast was the leap, and headlong hung the steep;
The bottom bare (a formidable show!)
And bristled thick with sharpen'd stakes below.
The foot alone this strong defence could force,
And try the pass impervious to the horse.
This saw Polydamas; who, wisely brave,
Restrain'd great Hector, and this counsel gave:
 ' O thou! bold leader of the Trojan hands,
And you, confederate chiefs from foreign lands!
What entrance here can cumbrous chariots find,
The stakes beneath, the Grecian walls behind?
No pass through those, without a thousand wounds,
No space for combat in yon narrow bounds.
Proud of the favours mighty Jove has shown,
On certain dangers we too rashly run:
If 'tis his will our haughty foes to tame,
O may this instant end the Grecian name!
Here, far from Argos, let their heroes fall,
And one great day destroy and bury all!
But should they turn, and here oppress our train,
What hopes, what methods of retreat remain?
Wedg'd in the trench, by our own troops confes'd,
In one promiscuous carnage crush'd and bruise'd,
All Troy must perish, if their arms prevail,
Nor shall a Trojan live to tell the tale.
Hear then, ye warriors! and obey with speed;
Back from the trenches let your steeds be led;
Then all alighting, wedg'd in firm array,
Proceed on foot, and Hector lead the way.

So Greece shall stoop before our conquering pow'r,
And this (if Jove consent) her fatal hour.'

This counsel pleas'd: the godlike Hector sprung
Swift from his seat; his clanging armour rung.

The chief's example follow'd by his train,
Each quits his car, and issues on the plain.

By orders strict the charioteers enjoin'd,
Compel the coursers to their ranks behind.

The forces part in five distinguish'd bands,
And all obey their several chiefs' commands.

The best and bravest in the first conspire,
Pant for the fight, and threat the fleet with fire:

Great Hector glorious in the van of these,
Polydamas, and brave Cebriones.

Before the next the graceful Paris shines,
And bold Alcathous, and Agenor joins.

The sons of Priam with the third appear,
Deiphobus, and Helenus the seer;

In arms with these the mighty Asius stood,
Who drew from Hyrtacus his noble blood,

And whom Arisba's yellow coursers bore,
The coursers fed on Selle's winding shore.

Antenor's sons the fourth battalion guide,
And great Æneas, born on fountful Ide.

Divine Sarpedon the last band obey'd,
Whom Glaucus and Asteropæus aid.

Next him, the bravest, at their army's head,
But he more brave than all the hosts he led.

Now with compacted shields in close array,
The moving legions speed their headlong way:

Already in their hopes they fire the fleet,
And see the Grecians gasping at their feet.

While every Trojan thus, and every aid,
The advice of wise Polydamas obey'd,

Asius alone, confiding in his car,
His vaunted coursers urg'd to meet the war.
Unhappy hero ! and advis'd in vain !
Those wheels returning ne'er shall mark the plain ;
No more those coursers with triumphant joy
Restore their master to the gates of Troy !
Black death attends behind the Grecian wall,
And great Idomeneus shall boast thy fall !
Fierce to the left he drives, where from the plain
The flying Grecians strove their ships to gain ;
Swift through the wall their horse and chariots past,
The gates half-open'd to receive the last.
Thither, exulting in his force, he flies :
His following host with clamours rend the skies ;
'To plunge the Grecians headlong in the main,
Such their proud hopes, but all their hopes were vain !
To guard the gates, two mighty chiefs attend,
Who from the Lapiths' warlike race descend ;
This Polypœtes, great Perithous' heir,
And that Leonteus, like the god of war.
As two tall oaks, before the wall they rise ;
Their roots in earth, their heads amidst the skies :
Whose spreading arms with leafy honours crown'd,
Forbid the tempest, and protect the ground ;
High on the hills appears their stately form,
And their deep roots for ever brave the storm.
So graceful those, and so the shock they stand
Of raging Asius, and his furious band.
Orestes, Acamas, in front appear,
And Cœnomaus and Thoon close the rear :
In vain their clamours shake the ambient fields,
In vain around them beat their hollow shields ;
The fearless brothers on the Grecians call,
To guard their navies, and defend the wall.

E'en when they saw Troy's sable troops impend,
And Greece tumultuous from her towers descend,
Forth from the portals rush'd the intrepid pair,
Oppos'd their breasts, and stood themselves the war.
So two wild boars spring furious from their den,
Rous'd with the cries of dogs and voice of men ;
On every side the crackling trees they tear,
And root the shrubs, and lay the forest bare ;
They gnash their tusks, with fire their eye-balls roll,
Till some wide wound lets out their mighty soul.
Around their heads the whistling javelins sung,
With sounding strokes their brazen targets rung ;
Fierce was the fight, while yet the Grecian powers
Maintain'd the walls, and mann'd the lofty towers :
To save the fleet, their last efforts they try,
And stones and darts in mingled tempests fly.

As when sharp Boreas blows abroad, and brings
The dreary winter on his frozen wings ;
Beneath the low-hung clouds the sheets of snow
Descend, and whiten all the fields below :
So fast the darts on either army pour,
So down the rampires rolls the rocky show'r ;
Heavy, and thick, resound the batter'd shields,
And the deaf echo rattles round the fields.

With shame repuls'd, with grief and fury driven,
The frantic Asius thus accuses heaven :
' In powers immortal who shall now believe ?
Can those too flatter, and can Jove deceive ?
What man could doubt but Troy's victorious pow'r
Should humble Greece, and this her fatal hour ?
But like when wasps from hollow crannies drive,
To guard the entrance of their common hive,
Darkening the rock, while with unwearied wings
They strike the assailants, and infix their stings ;

A race determin'd, that to death contend:
So fierce these Greeks their last retreats defend.
Gods! shall two warriors only guard their gates,
Repel an army, and defraud the fates?"

These empty accents mingled with the wind,
Nor mov'd great Jove's unalterable mind;
To godlike Hector and his matchless might
Was ow'd the glory of the destin'd fight.
Like deeds of arms through all the forts were tried,
And all the gates sustain'd an equal tide;
Through the long walls the stony showers were heard,
The blaze of flames, the flash of arms appear'd.
The spirit of a god my breast inspire,
To raise each act to life, and sing with fire!
While Greece unconquer'd kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in despair;
And all her guardian gods, in deep dismay,
With unassisting arms deplor'd the day.

E'en yet the dauntless Lapithæ maintain
The dreadful pass, and round them heap the slain.
First Damasus, by Polypætes' steel,
Pierc'd through his helmet's brazen vizor, fell;
The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore!
The warrior sinks tremendous now no more!
Next Ormenus and Pylon yield their breath:
Nor less Leonteus strows the field with death;
First through the belt Hippomachus he gor'd,
Then sudden wav'd his unresisted sword:
Antiphates, as through the ranks he broke,
The falchion struck, and fate pursued the stroke;
Iâmenus, Orestes, Menon, bled;
And round him rose a monument of dead.

Meantime, the bravest of the Trojan crew
Bold Hector and Polydamas pursue;

Fierce with impatience on the works to fall,
And wrap in rolling flames the fleet and wall.
These on the further bank now stood and gaz'd,
By heaven alarm'd, by prodigies amaz'd :
A signal omen stopp'd the passing host,
Their martial fury in their wonder lost.
Jove's bird on sounding pinions beat the skies ;
A bleeding serpent of enormous size
His talons truss'd ; alive, and curling round,
He stung the bird, whose throat receiv'd the wound :
Mad with the smart, he drops the fatal prey,
In airy circles wings his painful way,
Floats on the winds, and rends the heaven with cries :
Amidst the host the fallen serpent lies.
They, pale with terror, mark its spires unroll'd,
And Jove's portent with beating hearts behold.
Then first Polydamas the silence broke,
Long weigh'd the signal, and to Hector spoke :
 ' How oft, my brother, thy reproach I bear,
For words well-meant, and sentiments sincere ?
True to those counsels which I judge the best,
I tell the faithful dictates of my breast.
To speak his thoughts is every freeman's right,
In peace and war, in council and in fight ;
And all I move, deferring to thy sway,
But tends to raise that power which I obey.
Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain :
Seek not, this day, the Grecian ships to gain ;
For sure to warn us Jove his omen sent,
And thus my mind explains its clear event :
The victor eagle, whose sinister flight
Retards our host, and fills our hearts with fright,
Dismiss'd his conquest in the middle skies,
Allow'd to seize, but not possess the prize ;

Thus though we gird with fires the Grecian fleet,
Though these proud bulwarks tumble at our feet,
Toils unforeseen, and fiercer, are decreed ;
More woes shall follow, and more heroes bleed.
So bodes my soul, and bids me thus advise ;
For thus a skilful seer would read the skies.'

To him then Hector with disdain return'd :
(Fierce as he spoke, his eyes with fury burn'd)
' Are these the faithful counsels of thy tongue ?
Thy will is partial, not thy reason wrong :
Or if the purpose of thy heart thou vent,
Sure heaven resumes the little sense it lent.
What coward counsels would thy madness move
Against the word, the will reveal'd of Jove ?
The leading sign, the' irrevocable nod,
And happy thunders of the favouring god,
These shall I slight ? and guide my wavering mind
By wandering birds, that flit with every wind ?
Ye vagrants of the sky ! your wings extend,
Or where the suns arise, or where descend ;
To right, to left, unheeded take your way,
While I the dictates of high heaven obey.
Without a sign his sword the brave man draws,
And asks no omen but his country's cause.
But why shouldst thou suspect the war's success ?
None fears it more, as none promotes it less :
Though all our chiefs amidst yon ships expire,
Trust thy own cowardice to escape their fire.
Troy and her sons may find a general grave,
But thou can'st live, for thou can'st be a slave.
Yet should the fears that wary mind suggests
Spread their cold poison through our soldiers' breasts,
My javelin can revenge so base a part,
And free the soul that quivers in thy heart.'

Furious he spoke, and, rushing to the wall,
Calls on his host; his host obey the call;
With ardour follow where their leader flies:
Redoubling clamours thunder in the skies.
Jove breathes a whirlwind from the hills of Ide,
And drifts of dust the clouded navy hide:
He fills the Greeks with terror and dismay,
And gives great Hector the predestin'd day.
Strong in themselves, but stronger in their aid,
Close to the works their rigid siege they laid.
In vain the mounds and massy beams defend,
While these they undermine, and those they rend;
Upheave the piles that prop the solid wall;
And heaps on heaps the smoky ruins fall.
Greece on her ramparts stands the fierce alarms;
The crowded bulwarks blaze with waving arms,
Shield touching shield, a long refulgent row;
Whence hissing darts, incessant, rain below.
The bold Ajaces fly from tower to tower,
And rouse, with flame divine, the Grecian power.
The generous impulse every Greek obeys;
Threats urge the fearful; and the valiant, praise.
‘Fellows in arms! whose deeds are known to fame,
And you whose ardour hopes an equal name!
Since not alike endued with force or art;
Behold a day when each may act his part!
A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,
To gain new glories, or augment the old.
Urge those who stand; and those who faint, excite;
Drown Hector's vaunts in loud exhortations of fight;
Conquest, not safety, fill the thoughts of all;
Seek not your fleet, but sally from the wall;
So Jove once more may drive their routed train,
And Troy lie trembling in her walls again.’

Their ardour kindles all the Grecian powers ;
And now the stones descend in heavier showers.
As when high Jove his sharp artillery forms,
And opes his cloudy magazine of storms ;
In winter's bleak uncomfortable reign,
A snowy inundation hides the plain ;
He stills the winds, and bids the skies to sleep ;
Then pours the silent tempest, thick and deep :
And first the mountain-tops are cover'd o'er,
Then the green fields, and then the sandy shore ;
Bent with the weight the nodding woods are seen,
And one bright waste hides all the works of men :
The circling seas, alone absorbing all,
Drink the dissolving fleeces as they fall :
So from each side increas'd the stony rain,
And the white ruin rises o'er the plain.

Thus godlike Hector and his troops contend
To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend :
Nor Troy could conquer, nor the Greeks would yield,
Till great Sarpedon tower'd amid the field ;
For mighty Jove inspir'd with martial flame
His matchless son, and urg'd him on to fame.
In arms he shines, conspicuous from afar,
And bears aloft his ample shield in air ;
Within whose orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd,
Ponderous with brass, and bound with ductile gold :
And while two pointed javelins arm his hands,
Majestic moves along, and leads his Lycian bands.

So, press'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow
Descends a lion on the flocks below ;
So stalks the lordly savage o'er the plain,
In sullen majesty, and stern disdain :
In vain loud mastiffs bay him from afar,
And shepherds gall him with an iron war ;

Regardless, furious, he pursues his way ;
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.

Resolv'd alike, divine Sarpedon glows
With generous rage that drives him on the foes.
He views the towers, and meditates their fall,
To sure destruction dooms the aspiring wall ;
Then casting on his friend an ardent look,
Fir'd with the thirst of glory, thus he spoke :

‘ Why boast we, Glaucus ! our extended reign
Where Xanthius’ streams enrich the Lycian plain,
Our numerous herds that range the fruitful field,
And hills where vines their purple harvest yield,
Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown’d,
Our feasts enhanc’d with music’s sprightly sound ?
Why on those shores are we with joy survey’d,
Admir’d as heroes, and as gods obey’d ?
Unless great acts superior merit prove,
And vindicate the bounteous powers above.
’Tis ours, the dignity they give, to grace ;
The first in valour, as the first in place ;
That when with wondering eyes our martial bands
Behold our deeds transcending our commands,
Such, they may cry, deserve the sovereign state,
Whom those that envy dare not imitate !
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war.
But since, alas ! ignoble age must come,
Disease, and death’s inexorable doom,
The life, which others pay, let us bestow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe ;
Brave though we fall, and honour’d if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give !’

He said ; his words the listening chief inspire
With equal warmth, and rouse the warrior's fire ;
The troops pursue their leaders with delight,
Rush to the foe, and claim the promis'd fight.
Menestheus from on high the storm beheld
Threatening the fort, and blackening in the field :
Around the walls he gaz'd, to view from far
What aid appear'd to avert the approaching war,
And saw where Teucer with the' Ajaces stood,
Of fight insatiate, prodigal of blood.
In vain he calls ; the din of helms and shields
Rings to the skies, and echoes through the fields,
The brazen hinges fly, the walls resound,
Heaven trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all
the ground.

Then thus to Thoös :—' Hence with speed (he said)
And urge the bold Ajaces to our aid ;
Their strength, united, best may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war :
Hither the Lycian princes bend their course,
The best and bravest of the hostile force.
But if too fiercely there the foes contend,
Let Telamon, at least, our towers defend,
And Teucer haste with his unerring bow
To share the danger, and repel the foe.'

Swift, at the word, the herald speeds along
The lofty ramparts, through the martial throng,
And finds the heroes bath'd in sweat and gore,
Oppos'd in combat on the dusty shore.
' Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands !
Your aid (said Thoös) Peteus' son demands ;
Your strength, united, best may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war :
Thither the Lycian princes bend their course,
The best and bravest of the hostile force.

But if too fiercely, here, the foes contend,
At least, let Telamon those towers defend,
And Teucer haste with his unerring bow
To share the danger, and repel the foe.'

Straight to the fort great Ajax turn'd his care,
And thus bespoke his brothers of the war :
' Now, valiant Lycomedes ! exert your might,
And, brave Oileus, prove your force in fight ;
To you I trust the fortune of the field,
Till by this arm the foe shall be repell'd ;
That done, expect me to complete the day—'
Then, with his sevenfold shield, he strode away.
With equal steps bold Teucer press'd the shore,
Whose fatal bow the strong Pandion bore.

High on the walls appear'd the Lycian powers,
Like some black tempest gathering round the towers ;
The Greeks, oppress'd, their utmost force unite,
Prepar'd to labour in the unequal fight :
The war renews, mix'd shouts and groans arise ;
Tumultuous clamour mounts, and thickens in the
skies.

Fierce Ajax first the advancing host invades,
And sends the brave Epicles to the shades,
Sarpedon's friend ; across the warrior's way,
Rent from the walls, a rocky fragment lay ;
In modern ages not the strongest swain
Could heave the unwieldy burden from the plain ;
He pois'd, and swung it round ; then toss'd on high,
It flew with force, and labour'd up the sky ;
Full on the Lycian's helmet thundering down,
The ponderous ruin crush'd his batter'd crown,
As skilful divers from some airy steep
Headlong descend, and shoot into the deep,
So falls Epicles ; then in groans expires,
And murmuring to the shades the soul retires.

While to the ramparts daring Glaucus drew,
From Tencer's hand a winged arrow flew ;
The bearded shaft the destin'd passage found,
And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.
The chief, who fear'd some foe's insulting boast
Might stop the progress of his warlike host,
Conceal'd the wound, and leaping from his height,
Retir'd reluctant from the' unfinish'd fight.
Divine Sarpedon with regret beheld
Disabled Glaucus slowly quit the field ;
His beating breast with generous ardour glows,
He springs to fight, and flies upon the foes.
Alcmæon first was doom'd his force to feel ;
Deep in his breast he plung'd the pointed steel ;
Then from the yawning wound with fury tore
The spear, pursued by gushing streams of gore :
Down sinks the warrior with a thundering sound,
His brazen armour rings against the ground.
Swift to the battlement the victor flies,
Tugs with full force, and every nerve applies :
It shakes ; the ponderous stones disjointed yield ;
The rolling ruins smoke along the field.
A mighty breach appears ; the walls lie bare ;
And, like a deluge, rushes in the war.
At once bold Teucer draws the twanging bow,
And Ajax sends his javelin at the foe ;
Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon stood,
And through his buckler drove the trembling wood ;
But Jove was present in the dire debate,
To shield his offspring, and avert his fate.
The prince gave back, not meditating flight,
But urging vengeance, and severer fight ;
Then rais'd with hope, and fir'd with glory's charms,
His fainting squadrons to new fury warms.

' O where, ye Lycians ! is the strength you boast ?
Your former fame and ancient virtue lost !
The breach lies open, but your chief in vain
Attempts alone the guarded pass to gain :
Unite, and soon that hostile fleet shall fall ;
The force of powerful union conquers all.'

This just rebuke inflam'd the Lycian crew ;
They join, they thicken, and the' assault renew :
Unmov'd the' embodied Greeks their fury dare,
And fix'd support the weight of all the war ;
Nor could the Greeks repel the Lycian powers,
Nor the bold Lycians force the Grecian towers.
As on the confines of adjoining grounds, [bounds ;
Two stubborn swains with blows dispute their
They tug, they sweat ; but neither gain, nor yield,
One foot, one inch of the contended field ;
Thus obstinate to death, they fight, they fall :
Nor these can keep, nor those can win the wall.
Their manly breasts are pierc'd with many a wound,
Loud strokes are heard, and rattling arms resound,
The copious slaughter covers all the shore,
And the high ramparts drop with human gore.

As when two scales are charg'd with doubtful loads,
From side to side the trembling balance nods,
(While some laborious matron, just and poor,
With nice exactness weighs her woolly store)
Till pois'd aloft, the resting beam suspends
Each equal weight ; nor this, nor that, descends :
So stood the war, till Hector's matchless might,
With fates prevailing, turn'd the scale of fight.
Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies,
And fires his host with loud repeated cries.
' Advance, ye Trojans ! lend your valiant hands,
Haste to the fleet, and toss the blazing brands !'

They hear, they run ; and gathering at his call,
Raise scaling engines, and ascend the wall :
Around the works a wood of glittering spears
Shoots up, and all the rising host appears.
A ponderous stone bold Hector heav'd to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and gross below : [raise,
Not two strong men the' enormous weight could
Such men as live in these degenerate days.
Yet this, as easy as a swain could bear
The snowy fleece, he toss'd, and shook in air :
For Jove upheld, and lighten'd of its load
The' unwieldy rock, the labour of a god.
Thus arm'd, before the folded gates he came,
Of massy substance, and stupendous frame ;
With iron bars and brazen hinges strong,
On lofty beams of solid timber hung :
Then thundering through the planks with forceful
 sway,
Drives the sharp rock ; the solid beams give way,
The folds are shatter'd ; from the crackling door
Leap the resounding bars, the flying hinges roar.
Now rushing in, the furious chief appears,
Gloomy as night ! and shakes two shining spears :
A dreadful gleam from his bright armour came,
And from his eye-balls flash'd the living flame.
He moves a god, resistless in his course,
And seems a match for more than mortal force.
Then pouring after, through the gaping space,
A tide of Trojans flows, and fills the place ;
The Greeks behold, they tremble, and they fly ;
The shore is heap'd with death, and tumult rends
 the sky.



THE
THIRTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE FOURTH BATTLE CONTINUED, IN WHICH NEPTUNE ASSISTS THE GREEKS : THE ACTS OF IDOMENEUS.

NEPTUNE, concerned for the loss of the Grecians, upon seeing the fortification forced by Hector, (who had entered the gate near the station of the Ajaxes) assumes the shape of Calchas, and inspires those heroes to oppose him : then, in the form of one of the generals, encourages the other Greeks who had retired to their vessels. The Ajaxes form their troops in a close phalanx, and put a stop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valour are performed ; Meriones, losing his spear in the encounter, repairs to seek another at the tent of Idomeneus ; this occasions a conversation between those two warriors, who return together to the battle. Idomeneus signalizes his courage above the rest ; he kills Othryoneus, Asius, and Alcahous : Deiphobus and Æneas march against him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaüs wounds Helenus, and kills Pisander. The Trojans are repulsed in the left wing ; Hector still keeps his ground against the Ajaxes, till being galled by the Locrian slingers and archers, Polydamas advises to call a council of war : Hector approves his advice, but goes first to rally the Trojans ; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renews the attack.

The eight-and-twentieth day still continues. The scene is between the Grecian wall and the sea-shore.

THE
ILIAD.

BOOK XIII.

WHEN now the thunderer on the sea-beat coast
Had fix'd great Hector and his conquering host,
He left them to the fates, in bloody fray
To toil and struggle through the well-fought day.
Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight
Those eyes that shed insufferable light,
To where the Mysians prove their martial force,
And hardy Thracians tame the savage horse ;
And where the far-fam'd Hippemolgian strays,
Renown'd for justice and for length of days ;
Thrice happy race ! that, innocent of blood,
From milk, innoxious, seek their simple food :
Jove sees delighted ; and avoids the scene
Of guilty Troy, of arms, and dying men :
No aid, he deems, to either host is given,
While his high law suspends the powers of Heaven.

Meantime the monarch of the watry main
Observ'd the thunderer, nor observ'd in vain.
In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,
Whose waving woods o'erhung the deeps below,
He sat ; and round him cast his azure eyes
Where Ida's misty tops confus'dly rise ;

Below, fair Ilion's glittering spires were seen ;
The crowded ships, and sable seas between.
There, from the crystal chambers of the main
Emerg'd, he sat ; and mourn'd his Argives slain.
At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury stung,
Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd along ;
Fierce as he pass'd, the lofty mountains nod,
The forests shake ! earth trembled as he trod, }
And felt the footsteps of the' immortal god.
From realm to realm three ample strides he took,
And, at the fourth, the distant Ægæ shook.

Far in the bay his shining palace stands,
Eternal frame ! not rais'd by mortal hands :
This having reach'd, his brass-hoof'd steeds he reins,
Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.
Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,
Immortal arms, of adamant and gold.
He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies,
He sits superior, and the chariot flies :
His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep ;
The' enormous monsters rolling o'er the deep
Gambol around him on the watry way,
And heavy whales in awkward measures play :
The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,
Exults, and owns the monarch of the main ;
The parting waves before his coursers fly :
The wondering waters leave his axle dry.

Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave, }
Between where Tenedos the surges lave,
And rocky Imbrus breaks the rolling wave ; }
There the great ruler of the azure round
Stopp'd his swift chariot, and his steeds unbound,
Fed with ambrosial herbage from his hand,
And link'd their fetlocks with a golden band,

Infrangible, immortal : there they stay :
The father of the floods pursues his way :
Where, like a tempest darkening Heaven around,
Or fiery deluge that devours the ground,
The' impatient Trojans, in a gloomy throng,
Embattled roll'd, as Hector rush'd along :
To the loud tumult and the barbarous cry,
The Heavens re-echo, and the shores reply :
They vow destruction to the Grecian name,
And in their hopes the fleets already flame.

But Neptune, rising from the seas profound,
The god whose earthquakes rock the solid ground,
Now wears a mortal form ; like Calchas seen,
Such his loud voice, and such his manly mien ;
His shouts incessant every Greek inspire,
But most the' Ajaces, adding fire to fire.

' 'Tis yours, O warriors, all our hopes to raise ;
Oh recollect your ancient worth and praise !
'Tis yours to save us, if you cease to fear ;
Flight, more than shameful, is destructive here.
On other works though Troy with fury fall,
And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall ;
There, Greece has strength : but this, this part
o'erthrown,

Her strength were vain ; I dread for you alone :
Here Hector rages like the force of fire,
Vaunts of his gods, and calls high Jove his sire :
If yet some heavenly power your breast excite,
Breathe in your hearts, and string your arms to fight,
Greece yet may live, her threaten'd fleet maintain ;
And Hector's force, and Jove's own aid, be vain.'

Then with his sceptre, that the deep controls,
He touch'd the chiefs, and steel'd their manly souls :

Strength, not their own, the touch divine imparts,
Prompts their light limbs, and swells their daring
 hearts.

Then, as a falcon from the rocky height,
Her quarry seen, impetuous at the sight,
Forth-springing instant, darts herself from high,
Shoots on the wing, and skims along the sky :
Such, and so swift, the power of ocean flew ;
The wide horizon shut him from their view.

The' inspiring god Oileus' active son
Perceiv'd the first, and thus to Telamon :

‘ Some god, my friend, some god in human form
Favouring descends, and wills to stand the storm.
Not Calchas this, the venerable seer ;
Short as he turn'd, I saw the power appear :
I mark'd his parting, and the steps he trod ;
His own bright evidence reveals a god.
E'en now some energy divine I share,
And seem to walk on wings, and tread in air !’

‘ With equal ardour (Telamon returns)
My soul is kindled, and my bosom burns ;
New rising spirits all my force alarm,
Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm.
This ready arm, unthinking, shakes the dart ;
The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart :
Singly, methinks, yon towering chief I meet,
And stretch the dreadful Hector at my feet.’

Full of the god that urg'd their burning breast,
The heroes thus their mutual warmth express'd.
Neptune meanwhile the routed Greeks inspir'd ;
Who breathless, pale, with length of labours tir'd,
Pant in the ships ; while Troy to conquest calls,
And swarms victorious o'er their yielding walls :

Trembling before the' impending storm they lie,
While tears of rage stand burning in their eye.
Greece sunk they thought, and this their fatal hour;
But breathe new courage as they feel the pow'r.
Teucer and Leitus first his words excite;
'Then stern Peneleus rises to the fight;
Thoäs, Deïpyrus, in arms renown'd,
And Merion next, the' impulsive fury found;
Last Nestor's son the same bold ardour takes,
While thus the god the martial fire awakes:

' Oh lasting infamy, oh dire disgrace
To chiefs of vigorous youth, and manly race!
I trusted in the gods, and you, to see
Brave Greece victorious, and her navy free:
Ah no—the glorious combat you disclaim,
And one black day clouds all her former fame.
Heavens! what a prodigy these eyes survey,
Unseen, unthought, till this amazing day!
Fly we at length from Troy's oft-conquer'd bands?
And falls our fleet by such inglorious hands?
A rout undisciplin'd, a straggling train,
Not born to glories of the dusty plain;
Like frightened fawns from hill to hill pursued,
A prey to every savage of the wood:
Shall these, so late who trembled at your name,
Invade your camps, involve your ships in flame?
A change so shameful, say, what cause has wrought?
The soldiers' baseness, or the general's fault?
Fools! will ye perish for your leader's vice;
The purchase infamy, and life the price?
'Tis not your cause, Achilles' injur'd fame:
Another's is the crime, but yours the shame.
Grant that our chief offend through rage or lust,
Must you be cowards, if your king's unjust?

Prevent this evil, and your country save :
Small thought retrieves the spirits of the brave.
Think, and subdue ! on dastards dead to fame
I waste no anger, for they feel no shame :
But you, the pride, the flower of all our host,
My heart weeps blood to see your glory lost !
Nor deem this day, this battle, all you lose ;
A day more black, a fate more vile, ensues.
Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,
On endless infamy, on instant death :
For lo ! the fated time, the' appointed shore :
Hark ! the gates burst, the brazen barriers roar !
Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall ;
The hour, the spot, to conquer, or to fall.'

These words the Grecians' fainting hearts inspire,
And listening armies catch the godlike fire.
Fix'd at his post was each bold Ajax found,
With well-rang'd squadrons strongly circled round :
So close their order, so dispos'd their fight,
As Pallas' self might view with fix'd delight ;
Or had the god of war inclin'd his eyes,
The god of war had own'd a just surprise.
A chosen phalanx, firm, resolv'd as fate,
Descending Hector and his battle wait.
An iron scene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,
Armour in armour lock'd, and shields in shields,
Spears lean on spears, on targets targets throng,
Helms stuck to helms, and man drove man along.
The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,
As when an earthquake stirs the nodding grove ;
And levell'd at the skies with pointing rays,
Their brandish'd lances at each motion blaze.

Thus breathing death, in terrible array,
The close-compacted legions urg'd their way :

Fierce they drove on, impatient to destroy ;
Troy charg'd the first, and Hector first of Troy.
As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn,
A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne,
(Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends)
Precipitate the ponderous mass descends :
From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds ;
At every shock the crackling wood resounds ;
Still gathering force, it smokes ; and, urg'd amain,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the
plain : [prov'd,
There stops—So Hector. Their whole force he
Resistless when he rag'd, and, when he stopp'd,
unmov'd.

On him the war is bent, the darts are shed,
And all their falchions wave around his head :
Repuls'd he stands, nor from his stand retires ;
But with repeated shouts his army fires.
' Trojans ! be firm ; this arm shall make your way
Through yon square body, and that black array :
Stand, and my spear shall rout their scattering power,
Strong as they seem, embattled like a tower ;
For he that Juno's heavenly bosom warms,
The first of gods, this day inspires our arms.'

He said, and rous'd the soul in every breast :
Urg'd with desire of fame, beyond the rest, .
Forth march'd Deïphobus ; but, marching, held
Before his wary steps his ample shield.
Bold Merion aim'd a stroke (nor aim'd it wide) ;
The glittering javelin pierc'd the tough bull-hide ;
But pierc'd not through : unfaithful to his hand,
The point broke short, and sparkled in the sand.
The Trojan warrior, touch'd with timely fear,
On the rais'd orb to distance bore the spear.

The Greek, retreating, mourn'd his frustrate blow,
And curs'd the treacherous lance that spar'd a foe ;
Then to the ships with surly speed he went,
To seek a surer javelin in his tent.

Meanwhile with rising rage the battle glows,
The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows.
By Teucer's arm the warlike Imbrius bleeds,
The son of Mentor, rich in generous steeds.
Ere yet to Troy the sons of Greece were led,
In fair Pedæus' verdant pastures bred,
The youth had dwelt, remote from war's alarms,
And bless'd in bright Medesicaste's arms :
(This nymph, the fruit of Priam's raviſh'd joy,
Allied the warrior to the house of Troy)
To Troy, when glory call'd his arms he came,
And match'd the bravest of her chiefs in fame :
With Priam's sons, a guardian of the throne,
He liv'd, belov'd and honour'd as his own.
Him Teucer pierc'd between the throat and ear :
He groans beneath the Telamonian spear.
As from some far-seen mountain's airy crown,
Subdued by steel, a tall ash tumbles down,
And soils its verdant tresses on the ground :
So falls the youth ; his arms the fall resound.
Then Teucer rushing to despoil the dead,
From Hector's hand a shining javelin fled :
He saw, and shunn'd the death ; the forceful dart
Sung on, and pierc'd Amphimacus's heart,
Cteatus' son, of Neptune's forceful line ;
Vain was his courage, and his race divine !
Prostrate he falls ; his clanging arms resound,
And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.
To seize his beamy helm the victor flies,
And just had fasten'd on the dazzling prize,

When Ajax' manly arm a javelin flung ;
Full on the shield's round boss the weapon rung ;
He felt the shock, nor more was doom'd to feel,
Secure in mail, and sheath'd in shining steel.
Repuls'd he yields ; the victor Greeks obtain
The spoils contested, and bear off the slain.
Between the leaders of the' Athenian line,
(Stichius the brave, Menestheus the divine)
Deplor'd Amphimacus, sad object ! lies ;
Imbrius remains the fierce Ajaces' prize.
As two grim lions bear across the lawn,
Snatch'd from devouring hounds, a slaughter'd fawn,
In their fell jaws high-lifting through the wood,
And sprinkling all the shrubs with drops of blood ;
So these the chief : great Ajax from the dead
Strips his bright arms ; Oileus lops his head :
Toss'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away,
At Hector's feet the gory visage lay.

The god of ocean, fir'd with stern disdain,
And pierc'd with sorrow for his grandson slain,
Inspires the Grecian hearts, confirms their hands,
And breathes destruction on the Trojan bands.
Swift as a whirlwind rushing to the fleet,
He finds the lance-fam'd Idomen of Crete.
His pensive brow the generous care express'd
With which a wounded soldier touch'd his breast,
Whom in the chance of war a javelin tore,
And his sad comrades from the battle bore ;
Him to the surgeons of the camp he sent ;
That office paid, he issued from his tent
Fierce for the fight : to whom the god begun,
In Thoäs' voice, Andræmon's valiant son,
Who rul'd where Calydon's white rocks arise,
And Pleuron's chalky cliffs emblaze the skies :

‘ Where’s now the’ imperious vaunt, the daring
boast,
Of Greece victorious, and proud Ilium lost ?
To whom the king : ‘ On Greece no blame be
thrown,
Arms are her trade, and war is all her own.
Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains
Nor fear withholds, nor shameful sloth detains :
’Tis heaven, alas ! and Jove’s all-powerful doom,
That far, far distant from our native home
Wills us to fall inglorious ! Oh my friend !
Once foremost in the fight, still prone to lend
Or arms or counsels, now perform thy best,
And what thou can’st not singly, urge the rest.’

Thus he : and thus the god whose force can make
The solid globe’s eternal basis shake :
‘ Ah ! never may he see his native land,
But feed the vultures on this hateful strand,
Who seeks ignobly in his ships to stay,
Nor dares to combat on this signal day !
For this, behold ! in horrid arms I shine,
And urge thy soul to rival acts with mine :
Together let us battle on the plain ;
Two, not the worst ; nor e’en this succour vain :
Not vain the weakest, if their force unite ;
But ours, the bravest have confess’d in fight.’

This said, he rushes where the combat burns ;
Swift to his tent the Cretan king returns :
From thence, two javelins glittering in his hand,
And clad in arms that lighten’d all the strand,
Fierce on the foe the’ impetuous hero drove ;
Like lightning bursting from the arm of Jove,
Which to pale man the wrath of heaven declares,
Or terrifies the’ offending world with wars ;

In streamy sparkles, kindling all the skies,
From pole to pole the trail of glory flies :
Thus his bright armour o'er the dazzled throng
Gleam'd dreadful as the monarch flash'd along.

Him, near his tent, Meriones attends ;
Whom thus he questions : ' Ever best of friends !
O say, in every art of battle skill'd,
What holds thy courage from so brave a field ?
On some important message art thou bound,
Or bleeds my friend by some unhappy wound ?
Inglorious here, my soul abhors to stay,
And glows with prospects of the' approaching day.'

' O prince ! (Meriones replies) whose care
Leads forth the' embattled sons of Crete to war ;
This speaks my grief : this headless lance I wield ;
The rest lies rooted in a Trojan shield.'

To whom the Cretan : ' Enter, and receive
The wanted weapons ; those my tent can give ;
Spears I have store, (and Trojan lances all)
That shed a lustre round the' illumin'd wall,
Though I, disdainful of the distant war,
Nor trust the dart, nor aim the' uncertain spear,
Yet hand to hand I fight, and spoil the slain ;
And thence these trophies, and these arms I gain.
Enter, and see on heaps the helmets roll'd,
And high-hung spears, and shields that flame with
gold.'

' Nor vain (said Merion) are our martial toils ;
We too can boast of no ignoble spoils :
But those my ship contains ; whence distant far,
I fight conspicuous in the van of war.
What need I more ? If any Greek there be
Who knows not Merion, I appeal to thee.'

To this, Idomeneus ; ' The fields of fight
Have prov'd thy valour, and unconquer'd might ;

And were some ambush for the foes design'd,
E'en then thy courage would not lag behind.
In that sharp service, singled from the rest,
The fear of each, or valour, stands confess'd.
No force, no firmness, the pale coward shows ;
He shifts his place ; his colour comes and goes :
A dropping sweat creeps cold on every part ;
Against his bosom beats his quivering heart ;
Terror and death in his wild eye-balls stare ;
With chattering teeth he stands, and stiffening hair, }
And looks a bloodless image of despair !
Not so the brave—still dauntless, still the same,
Unchang'd his colour, and unmov'd his frame ;
Compos'd his thought, determin'd is his eye,
And fix'd his soul, to conquer or to die :
If aught disturb the tenor of his breast,
'Tis but the wish to strike before the rest.

‘ In such assays thy blameless worth is known,
And every art of dangerous war thy own.
By chance of fight whatever wounds you bore,
Those wounds were glorious all, and all before ;
Such as may teach, 'twas still thy brave delight
To' oppose thy bosom where the foremost fight.
But why, like infants, cold to honour's charms,
Stand we to talk, when glory calls to arms ?
Go—from my conquer'd spears the choicest take,
And to their owners send them nobly back.’

Swift at the word bold Merion snatch'd a spear,
And breathing slaughter follow'd to the war.
So Mars armipotent invades the plain,
(The wide destroyer of the race of man)
Terror, his best lov'd son, attends his course,
Arm'd with stern boldness, and enormous force ;
The pride of haughty warriors to confound,
And lay the strength of tyrants on the ground :

From Thrace they fly, call'd to the dire alarms
Of warring Phlegyaus, and Ephyrian arms ;
Invok'd by both, relentless they dispose
To these glad conquest, murderous rout to those.
So march'd the leaders of the Cretan train,
And their bright arms shot horror o'er the plain.

Then first spake Merion : ' Shall we join the right,
Or combat in the centre of the fight ?
Or to the left our wanted succour lend ?
Hazard and fame all parts alike attend.'

' Not in the centre (Idomen replied),
Our ablest chieftains the main battle guide ;
Each godlike Ajax makes that post his care,
And gallant Teucer deals destruction there,
Skill'd or with shafts to gall the distant field,
Or bear close battle on the sounding shield.
These can the rage of haughty Hector tame :
Safe in their arms, the navy fears no flame ;
Till Jove himself descends, his bolts to shed,
And hurl the blazing ruin at our head.
Great must he be, of more than human birth,
Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth,
Him neither rocks can crush, nor steel can wound,
Whom Ajax fells not on the' ensanguin'd ground.
In standing fight he mates Achilles' force,
Excell'd alone in swiftness in the course.
Then to the left our ready arms apply,
And live with glory, or with glory die.'

He said ; and Merion to the' appointed place,
Fierce as the god of battles, urg'd his pace,
Soon as the foe the shining chiefs beheld
Rush like a fiery torrent o'er the field,
Their force embodied in a tide they pour ;
The rising combat sounds along the shore.

As warring winds, in Sirius' sultry reign,
From different quarters sweep the sandy plain ;
On every side the dusty whirlwinds rise,
And the dry fields are lifted to the skies :
Thus by despair, hope, rage, together driven,
Met the black hosts, and, meeting, darken'd heaven.
All dreadful glar'd the iron face of war,
Bristled with upright spears, that flash'd afar ;
Dire was the gleam of breastplates, helms, and
shields,

And polish'd arms emblaz'd the flaming fields :
Tremendous scene ! that general horror gave,
But touch'd with joy the bosoms of the brave.

Saturn's great sons in fierce contention vied,
And crowds of heroes in their anger died.
The sire of earth and heaven, by Thetis won
To crown with glory Peleus' godlike son,
Will'd not destruction to the Grecian powers,
But spar'd a while the destin'd Trojan towers :
While Neptune, rising from his azure main,
Warr'd on the king of heaven with stern disdain, }
And breath'd revenge, and fir'd the Grecian train, }
Gods of one source, of one ethereal race,
Alike divine, and heaven their native place ;
But Jove the greater ; first-born of the skies,
And more than men, or gods, supremely wise,
For this, of Jove's superior might afraid,
Neptune in human form conceal'd his aid.
These powers infold the Greek and Trojan train
In war and discord's adamant chain,
Indissolubly strong : the fatal tie
Is stretch'd on both, and close-compell'd they die.

Dreadful in arms, and grown in combats grey,
The bold Idomeneus controls the day.

First by his hand Othryoneus was slain,
Swell'd with false hopes, with mad ambition vain!
Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,
From high Cabeus' distant walls he came;
Cassandra's love he sought, with boasts of power,
And promis'd conquest was the proffer'd dower.
The king consented, by his vaunts abus'd;
The king consented, but the fates refus'd.
Proud of himself, and of the' imagin'd bride,
The field he measur'd with a larger stride.
Him as he stalk'd, the Cretan javelin found;
Vain was his breastplate to repel the wound:
His dream of glory lost, he plung'd to hell:
His arms resounded as the boaster fell.

The great Idomenens bestrides the dead;
' And thus (he cries) behold thy promise sped!
Such is the help thy arms to Ilium bring,
And such the contract of the Phrygian king!
Our offers now, illustrious prince! receive;
For such an aid what will not Argos give?
To conquer Troy, with ours thy forces join,
And count Atrides' fairest daughter thine.
Meantime, on further methods to advise,
Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies;
There hear what Greece has on her part to say.
He spoke, and dragg'd the gory corse away.

This Asius view'd, unable to contain,
Before his chariot warring on the plain;
(His crowded coursers, to his squire consign'd,
Impatient panted on his neck behind)
To vengeance rising with a sudden spring,
He hop'd the conquest of the Cretan king.
The wary Cretan, as his foe drew near,
Full on his throat discharg'd the forceful spear:

Beneath the chin the point was seen to glide,
And glitter'd, extant at the further side.
As when the mountain-oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral,
Groans to the oft-heav'd ax, with many a wound,
Then spreads a length of ruin o'er the ground :
So sunk proud Asius in that dreadful day,
And stretch'd before his much-lov'd coursers lay.
He grinds the dust distain'd with streaming gore,
And, fierce in death, lies foaming on the shore.
Depriv'd of motion, stiff with stupid fear,
Stands all aghast his trembling charioteer,
Nor shuns the foe, nor turns the steeds away,
But falls transfix'd, an unresisting prey :
Pierc'd by Antilochus, he pants beneath
The stately car, and labours out his breath.
Thus Asius' steeds (their mighty master gone)
Remain the prize of Nestor's youthful son,
 Stabb'd at the sight, Deïphobus drew nigh,
And made, with force, the vengeful weapon fly.
The Cretan saw ; and, stooping, caus'd to glance
From his slope shield the disappointed lance.
Beneath the spacious targe (a blazing round,
Thick with bull-hides and brazen orbits bound,
On his rais'd arm by two strong braces stay'd)
He lay collected in defensive shade.
O'er his safe head the javelin idly sung,
And on the tinkling verge more faintly rung.
E'en then the spear the vigorous arm confess'd,
And pierc'd, obliquely, king Hypsenor's breast :
Warm'd in his liver, to the ground it bore
The chief, his people's guardian now no more !
 ' Not unattended (the proud Trojan cries),
Nor unreveng'd, lamented Asius lies :

For thee, though hell's black portals stand display'd,
This mate shall joy thy melancholy shade.'

Heart-piercing anguish, at the haughty boast,
Touch'd every Greek, but Nestor's son the most.
Griev'd as he was, his pious arms attend,
And his broad buckler shields his slaughter'd friend ;
Till sad Mecistheus and Alastor bore
His honour'd body to the tented shore.

Nor yet from fight Idomeneus withdraws ;
Resolv'd to perish in his country's cause,
Or find some foe whom heaven and he shall doom
To wail his fate in death's eternal gloom.
He sees Alcathons in the front aspire :
Great Æsyetes was the hero's sire ;
His spouse Hippodamè, divinely fair,
Anchises' eldest hope, and darling care :
Who charm'd her parent's and her husband's heart
With beauty, sense, and every work of art :
He once of Ilion's youth the loveliest boy,
The fairest she, of all the fair of Troy.
By Neptune now the hapless hero dies,
Who covers with a cloud those beauteous eyes,
And fetters every limb : yet bent to meet
His fate he stands ; nor shuns the lance of Crete.
Fix'd as some column, or deep-rooted oak,
While the winds sleep ; his breast receiv'd the stroke.
Before the ponderous stroke his corselet yields,
Long us'd to ward the death in fighting fields.
The riven armour sends a jarring sound :
His labouring heart heaves with so strong a bound, }
The long lance shakes, and vibrates in the wound : }
Fast flowing from its source, as prone he lay,
Life's purple tide impetuous gush'd away.

Then Idomen, insulting o'er the slain :
' Behold, Déiphobus ! nor vaunt in vain :

See! on one Greek three Trojan ghosts attend,
This, my third victim, to the shades I send.
Approaching now, thy boasted might approve,
And try the prowess of the seed of Jove.
From Jove, enamour'd of a mortal dame,
Great Minos, guardian of his country, came :
Deucalion, blameless prince, was Minos' heir ;
His first-born I, the third from Jupiter :
O'er spacious Crete, and her bold sons, I reign,
And thence my ships transport me through the main :
Lord of a host, o'er all my host I shine,
A scourge to thee, thy father, and thy line.'

The Trojan heard ; uncertain, or to meet
Alone, with venturous arms, the king of Crete ;
Or seek auxiliar force : at length decreed
To call some hero to partake the deed,
Forthwith Æneas rises to his thought :
For him in Troy's remotest lines he sought ;
Where he, incens'd at partial Priam, stands,
And sees superior posts in meaner hands.
To him, ambitious of so great an aid,
The bold Deiphobus approach'd, and said :

' Now, Trojan prince, employ thy pious arms,
If e'er thy bosom felt fair honour's charms.
Alcathous dies, thy brother and thy friend !
Come, and the warrior's lov'd remains defend.
Beneath his cares thy early youth was train'd,
One table fed you, and one roof contain'd.
This deed to fierce Idomeneus we owe ;
Haste, and revenge it on the' insulting foe.'

Æneas heard, and for a space resign'd
To tender pity all his manly mind ;
Then rising in his rage, he burns to fight :
The Greek awaits him, with collected might.

As the fell boar on some rough mountain's head,
Arm'd with wild terrors, and to slaughter bred,
When the loud rustics rise, and shout from far,
Attends the tumult, and expects the war ;
O'er his bent back the bristly horrors rise,
Fires stream in lightning from his sanguine eyes,
His foaming tusks both dogs and men engage ;
But most his hunters rouse his mighty rage :
So stood Idomeneus, his javelin shook,
And met the Trojan with a lowering look.
Antilochus, Deïpyrus, were near,
The youthful offspring of the god of war,
Merion, and Aphareus, in field renown'd :
To these the warrior sent his voice around.
' Fellows in arms ! your timely aid unite ;
Lo, great Æneas rushes to the fight :
Sprung from a god, and more than mortal bold ;
He fresh in youth, and I in arms grown old.
Else should this hand, this hour, decide the strife,
The great dispute, of glory, or of life.'

He spoke, and all as with one soul obey'd ;
Their lifted bucklers cast a dreadful shade
Around the chief. Æneas too demands
The' assisting forces of his native bands :
Paris, Deïphobus, Agenor, join ;
(Co-aids and captains of the Trojan line)
In order follow all the' embodied train,
Like Ida's flocks proceeding o'er the plain ;
Before his fleecy care, erect and bold,
Stalks the proud ram, the father of the fold :
With joy the swain surveys them, as he leads [meads :
To the cool fountains, through the well-known
So joys Æneas, as his native band
Moves on in rank, and stretches o'er the land.

Round dead Alcathous now the battle rose ;
On every side the steely circle grows ;
Now batter'd breast-plates and hack'd helmets ring,
And o'er their heads unheeded javelins sing.
Above the rest, two towering chiefs appear,
There great Idomeneus, Æneas here.
Like gods of war, dispensing fate, they stood,
And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual blood.
The Trojan weapon whizz'd along in air,
The Cretan saw, and shunn'd the brazen spear :
Sent from an arm so strong, the missive wood
Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it stood.
But CEnomas receiv'd the Cretan's stroke ;
The forceful spear his hollow corselet broke,
It ripp'd his belly with a ghastly wound,
And roll'd the smoking entrails to the ground.
Stretch'd on the plain, he sobs away his breath,
And, furious, grasps the bloody dust in death.
The victor from his breast the weapon tears ;
His spoils he could not, for the shower of spears.
Though now unfit an active war to wage,
Heavy with cumbrous arms, stiff with cold age,
His listless limbs unable for the course,
In standing fight he yet maintains his force ;
Till faint with labour, and by foes repell'd,
His tir'd slow steps, he drags from off the field.

Deïphobus beheld him as he past,
And, fir'd with hate, a parting javelin cast :
The javelin err'd, but held its course along,
And pierc'd Ascalaphus, the brave and young :
The son of Mars fell gasping on the ground,
And gnash'd the dust all bloody with his wound.

Nor knew the furious father of his fall ;
High-thron'd, amidst the great Olympian hall,

On golden clouds the immortal synod sat ;
Detain'd from bloody war by Jove and Fate.

Now, where in dust the breathless hero lay,
For slain Ascalaphus commenc'd the fray.
Deiphobus to seize his helmet flies,
And from his temples rends the glittering prize ;
Valiant as Mars, Meriones drew near,
And on his loaded arm discharg'd his spear :
He drops the weight, disabled with the pain ;
The hollow helmet rings against the plain.
Swift as a vulture leaping on his prey,
From his torn arm the Grecian rent away
The reeking javelin, and rejoin'd his friends.
His wounded brother good Polites tends ;
Around his waist his pious arms he threw,
And from the rage of combat gently drew :
Him his swift coursers, on his splendid car,
Rapt from the lessening thunder of the war ;
To Troy they drove him, groaning from the shore,
And sprinkling, as he pass'd, the sands with gore.

Meanwhile fresh slaughter bathes the sanguine
ground,
Heaps fall on heaps, and heaven and earth resound.
Bold Aphareus by great Æneas bled ;
As toward the chief he turn'd his daring head,
He pierc'd his throat ; the bending head, depress'd
Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breast ;
His shield revers'd o'er the fallen warrior lies ;
And everlasting slumber seals his eyes.
Antilochus, as Thoön turn'd him round,
Transpierc'd his back with a dishonest wound :
The hollow vein, that to the neck extends
Along the chine, his eager javelin rends :
Supine he falls, and to his social train
Spreads his imploring arms, but spreads in vain.

The' exulting victor, leaping where he lay,
From his broad shoulders tore the spoils away ;
His time observ'd ; for clos'd by foes around,
On all sides thick, the peals of arms resound.
His shield emboss'd, the ringing storm sustains,
But he impervious and untouch'd remains.
(Great Neptune's care preserv'd from hostile rage
This youth, the joy of Nestor's glorious age)
In arms intrepid, with the first he fought,
Fac'd every foe, and every danger sought ;
His winged lance, resistless as the wind,
Obeys each motion of the master's mind ;
Restless it flies, impatient to be free,
And meditates the distant enemy.
The son of Asius, Adamas, drew near,
And struck his target with the brazen spear,
Fierce in his front : but Neptune wards the blow,
And blunts the javelin of the' eluded foe :
In the broad buckler half the weapon stood ;
Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood.
Disarm'd, he mingled in the Trojan crew ;
But Merion's spear o'ertook him as he flew,
Deep in the belly's rim an entrance found,
Where sharp the pang, and mortal is the wound. }
Bending he fell, and, doubled to the ground, }
Lay panting. Thus an ox, in fetters tied,
While death's strong pangs distend his labouring
side,
His bulk enormous on the field displays ;
His heaving heart beats thick as ebbing life decays.
The spear the conqueror from his body drew,
And death's dim shadows swam before his view.
Next brave Deïpyrus in dust was laid :
King Helenus wav'd high the Thracian blade,

And smote his temples with an arm so strong,
The helm fell off, and roll'd amid the throng :
There, for some luckier Greek it rests a prize ;
For dark in death the godlike owner lies !
Raging with grief, great Menelaüs burns,
And, fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns :
That shook the ponderous lance, in act to throw ;
And this stood adverse with the bended bow :
Full on his breast the Trojan arrow fell,
But harmless bounded from the plated steel.
As on some ample barn's well-harden'd floor,
(The winds collected at each open door)
While the broad fan with force is whirl'd around,
Light leaps the golden grain, resulting from the
ground :

So from the steel that guards Atrides' heart,
Repell'd to distance flies the bounding dart.
Atrides, watchful of the unwary foe,
Pierc'd with his lance the hand that grasp'd the bow,
And nail'd it to the yew : the wounded hand
Trail'd the long lance that mark'd with blood the
sand :

But good Agenor gently from the wound
The spear solicits, and the bandage bound ;
A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,
At once the tent and ligature supplied.

Behold ! Pisander, urg'd by fate's decree,
Springs through the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,
Great Menelaüs : To enhance thy fame,
High-towering in the front, the warrior came.
First the sharp lance was by Atrides thrown ;
The lance far distant by the winds was blown.
Nor pierc'd Pisander through Atrides' shield ;
Pisander's spear fell shiver'd on the field.

Not so discourag'd, to the future blind,
Vain dreams of conquest swell his haughty mind ;
Dauntless he rushes where the Spartan lord
Like lightning brandish'd his far-beaming sword.
His left arm high oppos'd the shining shield :
His right, beneath, the cover'd pole-axe held ;
(An olive's cloudy grain the handle made,
Distinct with studs ; and brazen was the blade)
This on the helm discharg'd a noble blow ;
The plume dropp'd nodding to the plain below,
Shorn from the crest. Atrides wav'd his steel :
Deep through his front the weighty falchion fell ;
The crashing bones before its force gave way ;
In dust and blood the groaning hero lay ;
Forc'd from their ghastly orbs, and spouting gore,
The clotted eye-balls tumble on the shore.
The fierce Atrides spurn'd him as he bled,
Tore off his arms, and, loud-exulting, said :
 ' Thus, Trojans, thus, at length be taught to fear ;
O race perfidious, who delight in war !
Already noble deeds ye have perform'd ;
A princess rap'd transcends a navy storm'd :
In such bold feats your impious might approve,
Without the' assistance, or the fear of Jove.
The violated rites, the ravish'd dame,
Our heroes slaughter'd, and our ships on flame,
Crimes heap'd on crimes, shall bend your glory down,
And whelm in ruins yon flagitious town.
O thou, great father ! lord of earth and skies,
Above the thought of man, supremely wise !
If from thy hand the fates of mortals flow,
From whence this favour to an impious foe ?
A godless crew, abandon'd and unjust,
Still breathing rapine, violence, and lust ?

The best of things, beyond their measure, cloy ;
Sleep's balmy blessing, love's endearing joy ;
The feast, the dance ; whate'er mankind desire,
E'en the sweet charms of sacred numbers tire.
But Troy for ever reaps a dire delight
In thirst of slaughter, and in lust of fight.'

This said, he seiz'd (while yet the carcase heav'd)
The bloody armour, which his train receiv'd :
Then sudden mix'd among the warring crew,
And the bold son of Pylæmenes slew.
Harpalion had through Asia travell'd far,
Following his martial father to the war :
Through filial love he left his native shore,
Never, ah never, to behold it more !
His unsuccessful spear he chanc'd to fling—
Against the target of the Spartan king ;
'Thus of his lance disarm'd, from death he flies,
And turns around his apprehensive eyes.
Him, through the hip transpiercing as he fled,
The shaft of Merion mingled with the dead.
Beneath the bone the glancing point descends,
And, driving down, the swelling bladder rends :
Sunk in his sad companions' arms he lay,
And in short pantings sobb'd his soul away ;
(Like some vile worm extended on the ground)
While life's red torrent gush'd from out the wound.

Him on his car the Paphlagonian train
In slow procession bore from off the plain.
The pensive father, father now no more !
Attends the mournful pomp along the shore ;
And unavailing tears profusely shed ;
And, unreveng'd, deplor'd his offspring dead.

Paris from far the moving sight beheld,
With pity soften'd, and with fury swell'd :

His honour'd host, a youth of matchless grace,
And lov'd of all the Paphlagonian race!
With his full strength he bent his angry bow,
And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe.
A chief there was, the brave Euchenor nam'd,
For riches much, and more for virtue fam'd,
Who held his seat in Corinth's stately town;
Polydus' son, a seer of old renown.
Oft had the father told his early doom,
By arms abroad, or slow disease at home:
He climb'd his vessel, prodigal of breath,
And chose the certain, glorious path to death.
Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went;
The soul came issuing at the narrow vent:
His limbs, unnerv'd, drop useless on the ground,
And everlasting darkness shades him round.

Nor knew great Hector how his legions yield,
(Wrapt in the cloud and tumult of the field):
Wide on the left the force of Greece commands,
And conquest hovers o'er the' Achaian bands;
With such a tide superior virtue sway'd,
And he that shakes the solid earth gave aid.
But in the centre Hector fix'd remain'd, [gain'd;
Where first the gates were forc'd, and bulwarks
There, on the margin of the hoary deep,
(Their naval station where the' Ajaces keep,
And where low walls confine the beating tides,
Whose humble barrier scarce the foes divides;
Where late in fight both foot and horse engag'd,
And all the thunder of the battle rag'd).
There join'd, the whole Bœotian strength remains,
The proud Ionians with their sweeping trains,
Locrians and Phthians, and the' Epæan force;
But join'd, repel not Hector's fiery course.

The flower of Athens, Stichius, Phidas, led ;
Bias and great Menestheus at their head,
Meges the strong the' Epæan bands controll'd,
And Dracius prudent, and Amphion bold :
The Phthians, Medon, fam'd for martial might,
And brave Podarces, active in the fight.
This drew from Phylacus his noble line ;
Ipheclus' son : and that (Oileus) thine :
(Young Ajax' brother, by a stolen embrace ;
He dwelt far distant from his native place,
By his fierce step-dame from his father's reign
Expell'd and exil'd for her brother slain)
These rule the Phthians, and their arms employ,
Mix'd with Bæotians, on the shores of Trøy.

Now side by side, with like unwearied care,
Each Ajax labour'd through the field of war :
So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil,
Force the bright ploughshare through the fallow soil,
Join'd to one yoke, the stubborn earth they tear,
And trace large furrows with the shining share ;
O'er their huge limbs the foam descends in snow,
And streams of sweat down their sour foreheads flow.
A train of heroes followed through the field,
Who bore by turns great Ajax' sevenfold shield ;
Whene'er he breath'd, remissive of his might,
Tir'd with the' incessant slaughters of the fight,
No following troops his brave associate grace :
In close engagement an unpractis'd race,
The Locrian squadrons nor the javelin wield,
Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moony shield ;
But skill'd from far the flying shaft to wing,
Or whirl the sounding pebble from the sling,
Dextrous with these they aim a certain wound,
Or fell the distant warrior to the ground.

Thus in the van the Telamonian train,
Throng'd in bright arms, a pressing fight maintain :
Far in the rear the Locrian archers lie,
Whose stones and arrows intercept the sky,
The mingled tempest on the foes they pour ;
'Troy's scattering orders open to the shower.

Now had the Greeks eternal fame acquir'd,
And the gall'd Ilians to their walls retir'd ;
But sage Polydamas, discreetly brave,
Address'd great Hector, and this counsel gave :

‘ Though great in all, thou seem'st averse to lend
Impartial audience to a faithful friend ;
To gods and men thy matchless worth is known,
And every art of glorious war thy own ;
But in cool thought and counsel to excel,
How widely differs this from warring well ?
Content with what the bounteous gods have given,
Seek not alone to engross the gifts of Heaven.
To some the powers of bloody war belong,
To some, sweet music, and the charm of song ;
To few, and wondrous few, has Jove assign'd
A wise, extensive, all-considering mind ;
Their guardians these, the nations round confess,
And towns and empires for their safety bless.
If Heaven have lodg'd this virtue in my breast,
Attend, O Hector, what I judge the best.
See, as thou mov'st, on dangers dangers spread,
And war's whole fury burns around thy head.
Behold ! distress'd within yon hostile wall,
How many Trojans yield, disperse, or fall ?
What troops, out-number'd, scarce the war maintain ?
And what brave heroes at the ships lie slain ?
Here cease thy fury : and, the chiefs and kings,
Convok'd to council, weigh the sum of things.

Whether (the gods succeeding our desires)
 To yon tall ships to bear the Trojan fires ;
 Or quit the fleet, and pass unhurt away,
 Contented with the conquest of the day.
 I fear, I fear, lest Greece, not yet undone,
 Pay the large debt of last revolving sun ;
 Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains
 On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains !

The counsel pleas'd ; and Hector, with a bound,
 Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling ground ;
 Swift as he leap'd, his clanging arms resound. }
 ' To guard this post (he cried) thy art employ,
 And here detain the scatter'd youth of Troy ;
 Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,
 And hasten back to end the doubtful day.'

This said, the towering chief prepares to go, }
 Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow, }
 And seems a moving mountain topp'd with snow. }
 Through all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
 And bids anew the martial thunder rise.
 To Panthus' son, at Hector's high command,
 Haste the bold leaders of the Trojan band :
 But round the battlements, and round the plain,
 For many a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain ;
 Deiphobus, nor Helenus the seer,
 Nor Asius' son, nor Asius' self appear :
 For these were pierc'd with many a ghastly wound,
 Some cold in death, some groaning on the ground ;
 Some low in dust (a mournful object) lay ;
 High on the wall some breath'd their souls away.

Far on the left, amid the throng he found
 (Cheering the troops, and dealing deaths around)
 'The graceful Paris ; whom, with fury mov'd,
 Opprobrious, thus, the impatient chief reprov'd :

‘ Ill-fated Paris ! slave to womankind,
As smooth of face as fraudulent of mind !
Where is Deïphobus, where Asius gone ?
The godlike father, and the’ intrepid son ?
The force of Helenus, dispensing fate ;
And great Othryoneus, so fear’d of late ?
Black fate hangs o’er thee from the’ avenging gods,
Imperial Troy from her foundations nods ;
Whelm’d in thy country’s ruins shalt thou fall,
And one devouring vengeance swallow all.’

When Paris thus : ‘ My brother and my friend,
Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend.
In other battles I deserv’d thy blame,
Though then not deedless, nor unknown to fame ;
But since yon rampart by thy arms lay low,
I scatter’d slaughter from my fatal bow.
The chiefs you seek on yonder shore lie slain ;
Of all those heroes, two alone remain ;
Deïphobus, and Helenus the seer,
Each now disabled by a hostile spear.
Go then, successful, where thy soul inspires :
This heart and hand shall second all thy fires ;
What with this arm I can, prepare to know,
Till death for death be paid, and blow for blow.
But ’tis not ours, with forces not our own
To combat ; strength is of the gods alone.’

These words the hero’s angry mind assuage :
Then fierce they mingle where the thickest rage.
Around Polydamas, distain’d with blood,
Cebrión, Phalces, stern Orthæus stood,
Palmas, with Polypætēs the divine,
And two bold brothers of Hippotion’s line
(Who reach’d fair Ilion, from Ascania far,
The former day ; the next engag’d in war.)

As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind springs,
That bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful wings,
Wide o'er the blasted fields the tempest sweeps;
Then, gather'd, settles on the hoary deeps;
The' afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar;
The waves behind impel the waves before,
Wide rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the
shore :

Thus rank on rank the thick battalions throng,
Chief urg'd on chief, and man drove man along.
Far o'er the plains in dreadful order bright,
The brazen arms reflect a beamy light :
Full in the blazing van great Hector shin'd,
Like Mars commission'd to confound mankind.
Before him flaming, his enormous shield,
Like the broad sun, illumin'd all the field ;
His nodding helm emits a streamy ray ;
His piercing eyes through all the battle stray,
And, while beneath his targe he flash'd along,
Shot terrors round, that wither'd e'en the strong.

Thus stalk'd he, dreadful ; death was in his look :
Whole nations fear'd : but not an Argive shook.
The towering Ajax, with an ample stride,
Advanc'd the first, and thus the chief defied :

' Hector! come on, thy empty threats forbear ;
'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thundering Jove we fear :
The skill of war to us not idly given,
Lo! Greece is humbled, not by Troy, but Heaven.
Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts,
To force our fleet : the Greeks have hands, and
hearts.

Long ere in flames our lofty navy fall,
Your boasted city, and your god-built wall,

Shall sink beneath us, smoking on the ground ;
And spread a long unmeasur'd ruin round.
The time shall come, when chas'd along the plain
E'en thou shalt call on Jove, and call in vain ;
E'en thou shalt wish, to aid thy desperate course,
The wings of falcons for thy flying horse ;
Shalt run, forgetful of a warrior's fame,
While clouds of friendly dust conceal thy shame.'

As thus he spoke, behold, in open view,
On sounding wings a dexter eagle flew.
To Jove's glad omen all the Grecians rise,
And hail, with shouts, his progress through the skies :
Far-echoing clamours bound from side to side ;
They ceas'd ; and thus the chief of Troy replied :
' From whence this menace, this insulting strain ?
Enormous boaster ! doom'd to vanut in vain.
So may the gods on Hector life bestow,
(Not that short life which mortals lead below,
But such as those of Jove's high lineage born,
The blue-ey'd maid, or he that gilds the morn)
As this decisive day shall end the fame
Of Greece, and Argos be no more a name.
And thou, imperious ! if thy madness wait
The lance of Hector, thou shalt meet thy fate ;
That giant-corse, extended on the shore,
Shall largely feast the fowls with fat and gore.'

He said, and like a lion stalk'd along ;
With shouts incessant earth and ocean rung,
Sent from his following host : the Grecian train
With answering thunders fill'd the echoing plain ;
A shout that tore heaven's concave, and above
Shook the fix'd splendours of the throne of Jove.

THE
FOURTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

JUNO DECEIVES JUPITER BY THE GIRDLE OF VENUS.

NESTOR, sitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the increasing clamour of the war, and hastens to Agamemnon : on his way he meets that prince with Diomed and Ulysses, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon proposes to make their escape by night, which Ulysses withstands : to which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they should go forth and encourage the army with their presence ; which advice is pursued. Juno, seeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a design to over-reach him ; she sets off her charms with the utmost care, and (the more surely to enchant him) obtains the magic girdle of Venus. She then applies herself to the god of sleep, and, with some difficulty, persuades him to seal the eyes of Jupiter ; this done, she goes to mount Ida, where the god, at first sight, is ravished with her beauty, sinks in her embraces, and is laid asleep. Neptune takes advantage of his slumber, and succours the Greeks : Hector is struck to the ground with a prodigious stone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle : several actions succeed ; till the Trojans, much distressed, are obliged to give way : the lesser Ajax signalizes himself in a particular manner.

THE
ILIAD.

BOOK XIV.

BUT nor the genial feast, nor flowing bowl,
Could charm the cares of Nestor's watchful soul ;
His startled ears the increasing cries attend ;
Then thus, impatient, to his wounded friend :

‘ What new alarm, divine Machaon, say,
What mix'd events attend this mighty day ?
Hark ! how the shouts divide, and how they meet,
And now come full, and thicken to the fleet !
Here, with the cordial draught dispel thy care,
Let Hecamede the strengthening bath prepare,
Refresh thy wound, and cleanse the clotted gore ;
While I the' adventures of the day explore.’

He said : and, seizing Thrasymedes' shield,
(His valiant offspring) hasten'd to the field ;
(That day the son his father's buckler bore)
Then snatch'd a lance, and issued from the door.
Soon as the prospect open'd to his view,
His wounded eyes the scene of sorrow knew ;
Dire disarray ! the tumult of the fight,
The wall in ruins, and the Greeks in flight.
As when old ocean's silent surface sleeps,
The waves just heaving on the purple deeps :

While yet the' expected tempest hangs on high,
Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the sky,
The mass of waters will no wind obey ;
Jove sends one gust, and bids them roll away.
While wavering counsels thus his mind engage,
Fluctuates in doubtful thought the Pylian sage,
To join the host, or to the general haste ;
Debating long, he fixes on the last :
Yet, as he moves, the sight his bosom warms,
The field rings dreadful with the clang of arms ;
The gleaming falchions flash, the javelins fly ;
Blows echo blows, and all or kill, or die.

Him, in his march, the wounded princes meet,
By tardy steps ascending from the fleet :
The king of men, Ulysses the divine,
And who to Tydeus owes his noble line.
(Their ships at distance from the battle stand,
In lines advanc'd along the shelving strand :
Whose bay, the fleet unable to contain
At length ; beside the margin of the main,
Rank above rank, the crowded ships they moor :
Who landed first, lay highest on the shore.)
Supported on their spears, they took their way,
Unfit to fight, but anxious for the day.
Nestor's approach alarm'd each Grecian breast,
Whom thus the general of the host address'd :
' O grace and glory of the Achaian name !
What drives thee, Nestor, from the field of fame ?
Shall then proud Hector see his boast fulfill'd,
Our fleets in ashes, and our heroes kill'd ?
Such was his threat, ah ! now too soon made good,
On many a Grecian bosom writ in blood.
Is every heart inflam'd with equal rage
Against your king, nor will one chief engage ?

And have I liv'd to see with mournful eyes
In every Greek a new Achilles rise ?

Gerenian Nestor then : ' So fate has will'd ;
And all-confirming time has fate fulfill'd.
Not he that thunders from the' ærial bower,
Not Jove himself, upon the past has power,
The wall, our late inviolable bound,
And best defence, lies smoking on the ground :
E'en to the ships their conquering arms extend,
And groans of slaughter'd Greeks to heaven ascend.
On speedy measures then employ your thought
In such distress ; if counsel profit aught :
Arms cannot much : though Mars our souls incite,
'These gaping wounds withhold us from the fight.

To him the monarch : ' That our army bends,
That Troy triumphant our high fleet ascends,
And that the rampart, late our surest trust,
And best defence, lies smoking in the dust ;
All this from Jove's afflictive hand we bear,
Who, far from Argos, wills our ruin here.
Pass'd are the days when happier Greece was bless'd,
And all his favour, all his aid confess'd ;
Now heaven averse, our hands from battle ties,
And lifts the Trojan glory to the skies.
Cease we at length to waste our blood in vain,
And launch what ships lie nearest to the main ;
Leave these at anchor till the coming night :
Then, if impetuous Troy forbear the fight,
Bring all to sea, and hoist each sail for flight. }
Better from evils, well foreseen, to run,
Than perish in the danger we may shun.' }

Thus he. 'The sage Ulysses thus replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes :
' What shameful words (unkingly as thou art)
Fall from that trembling tongue, and timorous heart ?

Oh were thy sway the curse of meaner powers,
And thou the shame of any host but ours !
A host, by Jove endued with martial might,
And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight :
Adventurous combats and bold wars to wage,
Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age.
And wilt thou thus desert the Trojan plain ?
And have whole streams of blood been spilt in vain ?
In such base sentence if thou couch thy fear,
Speak it in whispers, lest a Greek should hear.
Lives there a man so dead to fame, who dares
To think such meanness, or the thought declares ?
And comes it ev'n from him whose sovereign sway
The banded legions of all Greece obey ?
Is this a general's voice, that calls to flight,
While war hangs doubtful, while his soldiers fight ?
What more could Troy ? What yet their fate denies
Thou giv'st the foe : all Greece becomes their prize.
No more the troops (our hoisted sails in view,
Themselves abandon'd) shall the fight pursue ;
But thy ships flying, with despair shall see ;
And owe destruction to a prince like thee.'

'Thy just reproofs (Atrides calm replies)
Like arrows pierce me, for thy words are wise,
Unwilling as I am to lose the host,
I force not Greece to quit this hateful coast ;
Glad I submit, whoe'er, or young or old,
Aught, more conducive to our weal, unfold.'

Tydidēs cut him short, and thus began :
'Such counsel if you seek, behold the man
Who boldly gives it, and what he shall say,
Young though he be, disdain not to obey :
A youth, who from the mighty Tydeus springs,
May speak to councils and assembled kings.

Hear then in me the great CEnides' son,
Whose honour'd dust (his race of glory run)
Lies whelm'd in ruins of the Theban wall ;
Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall.
With three bold sons was generous Prothous bless'd,
Who Pleuron's walls and Calydon possess'd ;
Melas and Agrius, but (who far surpast
The rest in courage) CEneus was the last.
From him, my sire. From Calydon expell'd,
He pass'd to Argos, and in exile dwell'd ;
The monarch's daughter there (so Jove ordain'd)
He won, and flourish'd where Adrastus reign'd ;
There, rich in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd,
Beheld his vines their liquid harvest yield,
And numerous flocks that whiten'd all the field. }
Such Tydeus was, the foremost once in fame !
Nor lives in Greece a stranger to his name.
Then, what for common good my thoughts inspire,
Attend, and in the son respect the sire.
Though sore of battle, though with wounds oppress'd,
Let each go forth and animate the rest,
Advance the glory which he cannot share,
Though not partaker, witness of the war.
But lest new wounds on wounds o'erpower us quite,
Beyond the missile javelin's sounding flight,
Safe let us stand ; and, from the tumult far,
Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war.'

He added not : the listening kings obey,
Slow moving on ; Atrides leads the way.
The god of ocean (to inflame their rage)
Appears a warrior furrow'd o'er with age ;
Press'd in his own, the general's hand he took,
And thus the venerable hero spoke :

' Atrides ! lo ! with what disdainful eye
Achilles sees his country's forces fly ;

Blind impious man ! whose anger is his guide,
Who glories in unutterable pride.
So may he perish, so may Jove disclaim
The wretch relentless, and o'erwhelm with shame !
But heaven forsakes not thee : o'er yonder sands
Soon shalt thou view the scatter'd Trojan bands
Fly diverse ; while proud kings, and chiefs renown'd,
Driven heaps on heaps, with clouds involv'd around
Of rolling dust their winged wheels employ
To hide their ignominious heads in Troy.'

He spoke, then rush'd amid the warrior crew,
And sent his voice before him as he flew,
Loud, as the shout encountering armies yield
When twice ten thousand shake the labouring field ;
Such was the voice, and such the thundering sound
Of him whose trident rends the solid ground.
Each Argive bosom beats to meet the fight,
And grisly war appears a pleasing sight.

Meantime Saturnia from Olympus' brow,
High-thron'd in gold, beheld the fields below ;
With joy the glorious conflict she survey'd,
Where her great brother gave the Grecians aid.
But plac'd aloft, on Ida's shady height
She sees her Jove, and trembles at the sight.
Jove to deceive, what methods shall she try,
What arts, to blind his all-beholding eye ?
At length she trusts her power ; resolv'd to prove
The old, yet still successful, cheat of love ;
Against his wisdom to oppose her charms,
And lull the lord of thunders in her arms.

Swift to her bright apartment she repairs,
Sacred to dress and beauty's pleasing cares :
With skill divine had Vulcan form'd the bower,
Safe from access of each intruding power.

Touch'd with her secret key, the doors unfold :
Self-clos'd, behind her shut the valves of gold.
Here first she bathes ; and round her body pours
Soft oils of fragrance, and ambrosial showers :
The winds, perfum'd, the balmy gale convey
Through heaven, through earth, and all the' aërial
Spirit divine ! whose exhalation greets [way :
The sense of gods with more than mortal sweets.
Thus while she breath'd of heaven, with decent pride
Her artful hands the radiant tresses tied ;
Part on her head in shining ringlets roll'd,
Part o'er her shoulders wav'd like melted gold.
Around her next a heavenly mantle flow'd
That rich with Pallas' labour'd colours glow'd :
Large clasps of gold the foldings gather'd round,
A golden zone her swelling bosom bound.
Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,
Each gem illumin'd with a triple star.
Then o'er her head she casts a veil more white
Than new-fallen snow, and dazzling as the light.
Last her fair feet celestial sandals grace.
Thus issuing radiant with majestic pace,
Forth from the dome the' imperial goddess moves,
And calls the mother of the smiles and loves.

' How long (to Venus thus apart she cried)
Shall human strife celestial minds divide ?
Ah yet, will Venus aid Saturnia's joy,
And set aside the cause of Greece and Troy ?

' Let heaven's dread empress (Cytheræa said)
Speak her request, and deem her will obey'd.'

' Then grant me (said the queen) those conquer-
ing charms,

That power, which mortals and immortals warms,
That love, which melts mankind in fierce desires,
And burns the sons of heaven with sacred fires !

‘ For lo ! I haste to those remote abodes,
Where the great parents (sacred source of gods !)
Ocean and Tethys their old empire keep,
On the last limits of the land and deep.
In their kind arms my tender years were past ;
What time old Saturn, from Olympus cast,
Of upper heaven to Jove resign’d the reign,
Whelm’d under the huge mass of earth and main.
For strife, I hear, has made the union cease,
Which held so long that ancient pair in peace.
What honour, and what love, shall I obtain,
If I compose those fatal fends again ;
Once more their minds in mutual ties engage,
And, what my youth has ow’d, repay their age !’

She said. With awe divine, the queen of love
Obey’d the sister and the wife of Jove ;
And from her fragrant breast the zone unbrac’d,
With various skill, and high embroidery grac’d.
In this was every art, and every charm,
To win the wisest, and the coldest warm :
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire,
Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.
This on her hand the Cyprian goddess laid :
‘ Take this, and with it all thy wish ;’ she said.
With smiles she took the charm ; and smiling press’d
The powerful cestus to her snowy breast.

Then Venus to the courts of Jove withdrew ;
Whilst from Olympus pleas’d Saturnia flew.
O’er high Pieria thence her course she bore,
O’er fair Emathia’s ever-pleasing shore,
O’er Hemus’ hills with snows eternal crown’d ;
Nor once her flying foot approach’d the ground.

Then taking wing from Athos' lofty steep,
She speeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,
And seeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep. }

' Sweet pleasing Sleep ! (Saturnia thus began)
Who spread'st thy empire o'er each god and man ;
If e'er obsequious to thy Juno's will,
O power of slumbers ! hear, and favour still.
Shed thy soft dews on Jove's immortal eyes,
While sunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.
A splendid footstool, and a throne, that shine
With gold unfading, Somnus, shall be thine ;
The work of Vulcan ; to indulge thy ease,
When wine and feasts thy golden humours please.'

' Imperial dame (the balmy power replies),
Great Saturn's heir, and empress of the skies !
O'er other gods I spread my easy chain ;
The sire of all, old Ocean, owns my reign,
And his hush'd waves lie silent on the main. }

But how, unbidden, shall I dare to steep
Jove's awful temples in the dew of sleep ?
Long since too venturous, at thy bold command,
On those eternal lids I laid my hand ;
What time, deserting Ilion's wasted plain,
His conquering son, Alcides, plough'd the main.
When lo ! the deeps arise, the tempests roar,
And drive the hero to the Coan shore :
Great Jove, awaking, shook the bless'd abodes
With rising wrath, and tumbled gods on gods ;
Me chief he sought, and from the realms on high
Had hurl'd indignant to the nether sky,
But gentle Night, to whom I fled for aid,
(The friend of earth and heaven) her wings display'd ;
Impower'd the wrath of gods and men to tame,
E'en Jove rever'd the venerable dame.'

‘ Vain are thy fears (the queen of heaven replies,
And, speaking, rolls her large majestic eyes) ;
Think'st thou that Troy has Jove's high favour won,
Like great Alcides, his all-conquering son ?
Hear, and obey the mistress of the skies,
Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize ;
For know, thy lov'd-one shall be ever thine,
The youngest Grace, Pasithaë the divine.

‘ Swear then (he said) by those tremendous floods
That roar through hell, and bind the invoking gods :
Let the great parent earth one hand sustain,
And stretch the other o'er the sacred main :
Call the black Titans, that with Chronos dwell,
To hear and witness from the depths of hell ;
That she, my lov'd-one shall be ever mine,
The youngest Grace, Pasithaë the divine.’

The queen assents, and from the infernal bowers
Invokes the sable subtartarean powers,
And those who rule the inviolable floods,
Whom mortals name the dread Titanian gods.

Then swift as wind, o'er Lemnos' smoky isle
They wing their way, and Imbrus' sea-beat soil ;
Through air, unseen, involv'd in darkness glide,
And light on Lectos, on the point of Ide ;
(Mother of savages, whose echoing hills
Are heard resounding with a hundred rills)
Fair Ida trembles underneath the god ;
Hush'd are her mountains, and her forests nod.
There on a fir, whose spiry branches rise
To join its summit to the neighbouring skies ;
Dark in embowering shade, conceal'd from sight,
Sat Sleep, in likeness of the bird of night,
(Chalcis his name by those of heavenly birth,
But call'd Cymindis by the race of earth).

To Ida's top successful Juno flies ;
Great Jove surveys her with desiring eyes :
The god, whose lightning sets the heavens on fire,
Through all his bosom feels the fierce desire ;
Fierce as when first by stealth he seiz'd her charms,
Mix'd with her soul, and melted in her arms :
Fix'd on her eyes he fed his eager look,
Then press'd her hand, and thus with transport spoke :

‘ Why comes my goddess from the’ ethereal sky,
And not her steeds and flaming chariot nigh ?’

Then she—‘ I haste to those remote abodes
Where the great parents of the deathless gods,
The reverend Ocean and grey Tethys, reign,
On the last limits of the land and main.

I visit these, to whose indulgent cares
I owe the nursing of my tender years :
For strife, I hear, has made that union cease
Which held so long this ancient pair in peace.
The steeds, prepar’d my chariot to convey
O’er earth and seas, and through the’ aërial way,
Wait under Ide : of thy superior power
To ask consent, I leave the’ Olympian bower ;
Nor seek, unknown to thee, the sacred cells
Deep under seas, where hoary Ocean dwells.’

‘ For that (said Jove) suffice another day !
But eager love denies the least delay.

Let softer cares the present hour employ,
And be these moments sacred all to joy.

Ne’er did my soul so strong a passion prove,
Or for an earthly, or a heavenly love :

Not when I press’d Ixion’s matchless dame,
Whence rose Pirithous like the gods in fame :

Not when fair Danaë felt the shower of gold
Stream into life, whence Perseus brave and bold.

Not thus I burn'd for either Theban dame :
(Bacchus from this, from that Alcides came)
Not Phoenix' daughter, beautiful and young,
Whence godlike Rhadamanth and Minos sprung.
Not thus I burn'd for fair Latona's face,
Nor comelier Ceres' more majestic grace.
Not thus e'en for thyself I felt desire,
As now my veins receive the pleasing fire.'

He spoke ; the goddess with the charming eyes
Glow's with celestial red, and thus replies :
' Is this a scene for love ? On Ida's height,
Expos'd to mortal and immortal sight ;
Our joys profan'd by each familiar eye ;
The sport of heaven, and fable of the sky :
How shall I e'er review the bless'd abodes,
Or mix among the senate of the gods ?
Shall I not think, that, with disorder'd charms,
All heaven beholds me recent from thy arms ?
With skill divine has Vulcan form'd thy bower,
Sacred to love and to the genial hour ;
If such thy will, to that recess retire,
And secret there indulge thy soft desire.'

She ceas'd ; and, smiling with superior love,
Thus answer'd mild the cloud-compelling Jove :
' Nor god, nor mortal, shall our joys behold,
Shaded with clouds, and circumfus'd in gold ;
Not e'en the sun, who darts through heaven his rays,
And whose broad eye the' extended earth surveys.'

Gazing he spoke, and, kindling at the view,
His eager arms around the goddess threw.
Glad Earth perceives, and from her bosom pours
Unbidden herbs and voluntary flowers :
Thick new-born violets a soft carpet spread,
And clustering lotos swell'd the rising bed,

And sudden hyacinths the turf bestrow,
And flamy crocus made the mountain glow.
There golden clouds conceal the heavenly pair,
Steep'd in soft joys and circumfus'd with air ;
Celestial dews, descending o'er the ground,
Perfume the mount, and breathe ambrosia round.
At length, with love and sleep's soft power oppress,
The panting thunderer nods, and sinks to rest.

Now to the navy borne on silent wings,
To Neptune's ear soft Sleep his message brings ;
Beside him sudden, unperceiv'd, he stood,
And thus with gentle words address'd the god :
' Now, Neptune ! now, the important hour employ,
To check a while the haughty hopes of Troy :
While Jove yet rests, while yet my vapours shed
The golden vision round his sacred head ;
For Juno's love, and Somnus' pleasing ties,
Have clos'd those awful and eternal eyes.'

Thus having said, the power of slumber flew,
On human lids to drop the balmy dew.
Neptune, with zeal increas'd, renews his care,
And towering in the foremost ranks of war,
Indignant thus——' Oh once of martial fame !
O Greeks ! if yet ye can deserve the name !
This half-recover'd day shall Troy obtain ?
Shall Hector thunder at your ships again ?
Lo still he vaunts, and threats the fleet with fires,
While stern Achilles in his wrath retires.
One hero's loss too tamely you deplore,
Be still yourselves, and we shall need no more.
Oh yet, if glory any bosom warms,
Brace on your firmest helms, and stand to arms !
His strongest spear each valiant Grecian wield,
Each valiant Grecian seize his broadest shield ;

Let to the weak the lighter arms belong,
The ponderous targe be wielded by the strong.
Thus arm'd, not Hector shall our presence stay ;
Myself, ye Greeks ! myself will lead the way.'

The troops assent ; their martial arms they change :
The busy chiefs their banded legions range.
The kings, though wounded, and oppress'd with pain,
With helpful hands themselves assist the train.
The strong and cumbrous arms the valiant wield,
The weaker warrior takes a lighter shield.
Thus sheath'd in shining brass, in bright array
The legions march, and Neptune leads the way :
His brandish'd falchion flames before their eyes,
Like lightning flashing through the frighted skies.
Clad in his might, the' earth-shaking power appears ;
Pale mortals tremble, and confess their fears.

Troy's great defender stands alone unaw'd,
Arms his proud host, and dares oppose a god :
And lo ! the god, and wonderful man, appear :
The sea's stern ruler there, and Hector here.
The roaring main, at her great master's call,
Rose in huge ranks, and form'd a watry wall
Around the ships : seas hanging o'er the shores,
Both armies join : earth thunders, ocean roars.
Not half so loud the bellowing deeps resound
When stormy winds disclose the dark profound ;
Less loud the winds that from the' Æolian hall
Roar through the woods and make whole forests fall ;
Less loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour,
Catch the dry mountain, and its shades devour :
With such a rage the meeting hosts are driven,
And such a clamour shakes the sounding Heaven.
The first bold javelin, urg'd by Hector's force,
Direct at Ajax' bosom wing'd its course ;

But there no pass the crossing belts afford
(One brac'd his shield, and one sustain'd his sword.)
Then back the disappointed Trojan drew,
And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew :
But 'scap'd not Ajax ; his tempestuous hand
A ponderous stone up-heaving from the sand,
(Where heaps laid loose beneath the warrior's feet,
Or serv'd to ballast, or to prop the fleet)
Toss'd round and round, the missive marble flings ;
On the raz'd shield the falling ruin rings,
Full on his breast and throat with force descends ;
Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury spends,
But whirling on, with many a fiery round,
Smokes in the dust, and ploughs into the ground.
As when the bolt, red-hissing from above,
Darts on the consecrated plant of Jove,
The mountain-oak in flaming ruin lies,
Black from the blow, and smokes of sulphur rise ,
Stiff with amaze the pale beholders stand,
And own the terrors of the' almighty hand !
So lies great Hector prostrate on the shore ;
His slacken'd hand deserts the lance it bore ;
His following shield the fallen chief o'erspread ;
Beneath his helmet dropp'd his fainting head ;
His load of armour, sinking to the ground,
Clanks on the field ; a dead and hollow sound.
Loud shouts of triumph fill the crowded plain ;
Greece sees, in hope, Troy's great defender slain :
All spring to seize him ; storms of arrows fly ;
And thicker javelins intercept the sky.
In vain an iron tempest hisses round ;
He lies protected, and without a wound.
Polydamas, Agenor the divine,
The pious warrior of Anchises' line,

And each bold leader of the Lycian band,
With covering shields (a friendly circle) stand.
His mournful followers, with assistant care,
The groaning hero to his chariot bear;
His foaming coursers, swifter than the wind,
Speed to the town, and leave the war behind.

When now they touch'd the mead's enamell'd side,
Where gentle Xanthus rolls his easy tide,
With watry drops the chief they sprinkle round,
Plac'd on the margin of the flowery ground.
Rais'd on his knees, he now ejects the gore;
Now faints anew, low-sinking on the shore;
By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting skies,
And seals again, by fits, his swimming eyes.

Soon as the Greeks the chief's retreat beheld,
With double fury each invades the field.
Oilean Ajax first his javelin sped,
Pierc'd by whose point the son of Enops bled;
(Satnius the brave, whom beauteous Neïs bore
Amidst her flocks on Satnio's silver shore)
Struck through the belly's rim, the warrior lies
Supine, and shades eternal veil his eyes.
An arduous battle rose around the dead;
By turns the Greeks, by turns the Trojans bled.

Fir'd with revenge, Polydamas drew near,
And at Prothœnor shook the trembling spear;
The driving javelin through his shoulder thrust,
He sinks to earth, and grasps the bloody dust.
' Lo thus (the victor cries) we rule the field,
And thus their arms the race of Panthus wield:
From this unerring hand there flies no dart
But bathes its point within a Grecian heart.
Propp'd on that spear to which thou ow'st thy fall,
Go, guide thy darksome steps to Pluto's dreary hall!

He said, and sorrow touch'd each Argive breast :
The soul of Ajax burn'd above the rest.
As by his side the groaning warrior fell,
At the fierce foe he launch'd his piercing steel ;
The foe, reclining, shun'd the flying death ;
But fate, Archilochus, demands thy breath :
Thy lofty birth no succour could impart,
The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart ;
Swift to perform Heaven's fatal will, it fled
Full on the juncture of the neck and head,
And took the joint, and cut the nerves in twain :
The dropping head first tumbled to the plain.
So just the stroke, that yet the body stood
Erect, then roll'd along the sands in blood.

‘ Here, proud Polydamas, here turn thy eyes !
(The towering Ajax loud-insulting cries)
Say, is this chief extended on the plain
A worthy vengeance for Prothœnor slain ?
Mark well his port ! his figure and his face
Nor speak him vulgar, nor of vulgar race ;
Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage known,
Antenor's brother, or perhaps his son.’

He spake, and smil'd severe, for well he knew
The bleeding youth : Troy sadden'd at the view.
But furious Acamas aveng'd his cause ;
As Promachus his slaughter'd brother draws,
He pierc'd his heart——‘ Such fate attends you all,
Proud Argives ! destin'd by our arms to fall,
Not Troy alone, but haughty Greece, shall share
The toils, the sorrows, and the wounds of war.
Behold your Promachus depriv'd of breath,
A victim ow'd to my brave brother's death.
Not unappeas'd he enters Pluto's gate,
Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate.’

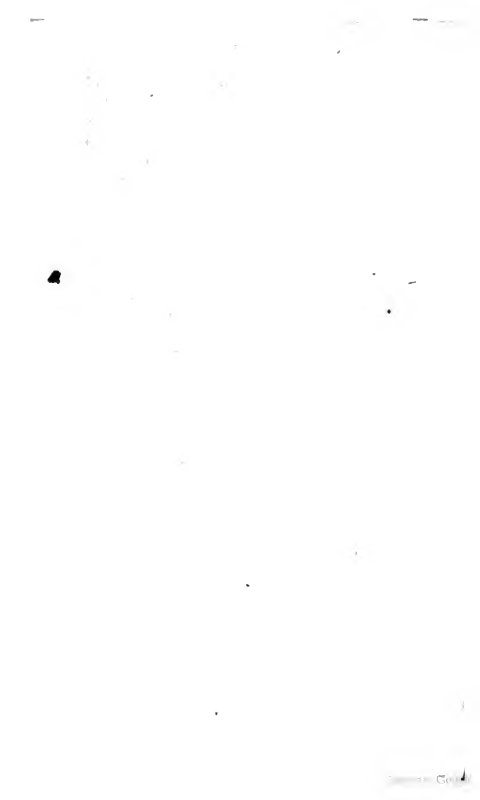
Heart-piercing anguish struck the Grecian host,
But touch'd the breast of bold Peneleus most ;
At the proud boaster he directs his course ;
The boaster flies, and shuns superior force.
But young Ilioneus receiv'd the spear ;
Ilioneus, his father's only care :
(Phorbas the rich, of all the Trojan train
Whom Hermes lov'd, and taught the arts of gain)
Full in his eye the weapon chanc'd to fall,
And from the fibres scoop'd the rooted ball,
Drove through the neck, and hurl'd him to the plain :
He lifts his miserable arms in vain !
Swift his broad falchion fierce Peneleus spread,
And from the spouting shoulders struck his head ;
To earth at once the head and helmet fly ;
The lance, yet sticking through the bleeding eye,
The victor seiz'd ; and, as aloft he shook
The gory visage, thus insulting spoke :

‘ Trojans ! your great Ilioneus behold !
Haste, to his father let the tale be told :
Let his high roofs resound with frantic woe,
Such as the house of Promachus must know ;
Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,
Such as to Promachus' sad spouse we bear,
When we victorious shall to Greece return,
And the pale matron in our triumphs mourn.’

Dreadful he spoke, then toss'd the head on high ;
The Trojans hear, they tremble, and they fly :
Aghast they gaze around the fleet and wall,
And dread the ruin that impends on all.

Daughters of Jove ! that on Olympus shine,
Ye all-beholding, all-recording nine !
O say, when Neptune made proud Ilion yield,
What chief, what hero first embrued the field ?

Of all the Grecians what immortal name,
And whose bless'd trophies, will ye raise to fame ?
Thou first, great Ajax ! on the' ensanguin'd plain
Laid Hyrtius, leader of the Mysian train.
Phalces and Mermer, Nestor's son o'erthrew.
Bold Merion, Morys and Hippotion slew.
Strong Periphætès and Prothoön bled,
By Teucer's arrows mingled with the dead.
Pierc'd in the flank by Menelaüs' steel,
His people's pastor, Hyperenor fell ;
Eternal darkness wrapt the warrior round,
And the fierce soul came rushing through the wound.
But stretch'd in heaps before Oileus' son,
Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run ;
Ajax the less, of all the Grecian race
Skill'd in pursuit, and swiftest in the chase.



THE
FIFTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

THE FIFTH BATTLE, AT THE SHIPS ; AND THE ACTS OF AJAX.

JUPITER, awaking, sees the Trojans repulsed from the trenches, Hector in a swoon, and Neptune at the head of the Greeks : he is highly incensed at the artifice of Juno, who appeases him by her submissions ; she is then sent to Iris and Apollo. Juno, repairing to the assembly of the gods, attempts with extraordinary address to incense them against Jupiter ; in particular she touches Mars with a violent resentment : he is ready to take arms, but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter ; Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and passion, he consents. Apollo re-inspires Hector with vigour, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his ægis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall : the Trojans rush in, and attempt to fire the first line of the fleet, but are, as yet, repelled by the greater Ajax with a prodigious slaughter.

THE
ILIAD.

BOOK XV.

Now in swift flight they pass the trench profound,
And many a chief lay gasping on the ground :
Then stopp'd and panted, where the chariots lie ;
Fear on their cheek, and horror in their eye.
Meanwhile, awaken'd from his dream of love,
On Ida's summit sat imperial Jove :
Round the wide fields he cast a careful view,
There saw the Trojans fly, the Greeks pursue ;
These proud in arms, those scatter'd o'er the plain ;
And, 'midst the war, the monarch of the main.
Not far, great Hector on the dust he spies,
(His sad associates round with weeping eyes)
Ejecting blood, and panting yet for breath,
His senses wandering to the verge of death.
The god beheld him with a pitying look,
And thus, incens'd, to fraudulent Juno spoke :
 ' O thou, still adverse to the' eternal will,
For ever studious in promoting ill !
Thy arts have made the godlike Hector yield,
And driven his conquering squadrons from the field.
Canst thou, unhappy in thy wiles ! withstand
Our power immense, and brave the' almighty hand ?

Hast thou forgot, when, bound and fix'd on high,
From the vast concave of the spangled sky,
I hung thee trembling in a golden chain,
And all the raging gods oppos'd in vain?
Headlong I hurl'd them from the Olympian hall,
Stun'd in the whirl, and breathless with the fall.
For godlike Hercules these deeds were done,
Nor seem'd the vengeance worthy such a son :
When, by thy wiles induc'd, fierce Boreas toss'd
The shipwreck'd hero on the Coan coast,
Him through a thousand forms of death I bore,
And sent to Argos, and his native shore.
Hear this, remember, and our fury dread,
Nor pull the unwilling vengeance on thy head ;
Lest arts and blandishments successful prove,
Thy soft deceits, and well-dissembled love.'

The thunderer spoke : imperial Juno mourn'd,
And, trembling, these submissive words return'd :

' By every oath that powers immortal ties,
The foodful earth, and all-infolding skies ;
By thy black waves, tremendous Styx ! that flow
Through the drear realms of gliding ghosts below ;
By the dread honours of thy sacred head,
And that unbroken vow, our virgin bed !
Not by my arts the ruler of the main
Steeps Troy in blood, and ranges round the plain :
By his own ardour, his own pity sway'd
To help his Greeks, he fought and disobey'd :
Else had thy Juno better counsels given,
And taught submission to the sire of Heaven.'

' Think'st thou with me ? fair empress of the skies !
(The immortal father with a smile replies !)
Then soon the haughty sea-god shall obey,
Nor dare to act but when we point the way.

If truth inspires thy tongue, proclaim our will
To yon bright synod on the' Olympian hill ;
Our high decree let various Iris know,
And call the god that bears the silver bow.
Let her descend, and from the' embattled plain
Command the sea-god to his watry reign :
While Phœbus hastes great Hector to prepare
To rise afresh, and once more wake the war,
His labouring bosom re-inspires with breath,
And calls his senses from the verge of death.
Greece chas'd by Troy, e'en to Achilles' fleet,
Shall fall by thousands at the hero's feet.
He, not untouch'd with pity, to the plain
Shall send Patroclus, but shall send in vain.
What youth he slaughters under Ilion's walls !
E'en my lov'd son, divine Sarpedon, falls !
Vanquish'd at last by Hector's lance he lies.
Then, nor till then, shall great Achilles rise :
And lo ! that instant, godlike Hector dies. }
From that great hour the war's whole fortune turns,
Pallas assists, and lofty Ilion burns.
Not till that day shall Jove relax his rage,
Nor one of all the heavenly host engage
In aid of Greece. The promise of a god
I gave, and seal'd it with the' almighty nod,
Achilles' glory to the stars to raise ;
Such was our word, and fate the word obeys.
The trembling queen (the' almighty order given)
Swift from the' Idæan summit shot to heaven.
As some way-faring man, who wanders o'er
In thought a length of lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active mind from place to place,
Joins hill to dale, and measures space with space :
So swift flew Juno to the bless'd abodes,
If thought of man can match the speed of gods.

There sat the powers in awful synod plac'd ;
They bow'd, and made obeisance as she pass'd
Through all the brazen dome : with goblets crown'd
They hail her queen ; the nectar streams around.
Fair Themis first presents the golden bowl,
And anxious asks what cares disturb her soul ?

To whom the white-arm'd goddess thus replies :
' Enough thou know'st the tyrant of the skies,
Severely bent his purpose to fulfil,
Unmov'd his mind, and unrestrain'd his will.
Go thou, the feasts of heaven attend thy call ;
Bid the crown'd nectar circle round the hall ;
But Jove shall thunder through the' ethereal dome
Such stern decrees, such threaten'd woes to come,
As soon shall freeze mankind with dire surprise,
And damp the' eternal banquets of the skies.'

The goddess said, and sullen took her place ;
Black horror sadden'd each celestial face.
'To see the gathering grudge in every breast,
Smiles on her lips a spleenful joy exprest ;
While on her wrinkled front, and eye-brow bent,
Sat stedfast care, and lowering discontent.
Thus she proceeds—' Attend, ye powers above !
But know, 'tis madness to contest with Jove :
Supreme he sits ; and sees, in pride of sway,
Your vassal godheads grudgingly obey :
Fierce in the majesty of power, controls ;
Shakes all the thrones of heaven, and bends the poles.
Submiss, immortals ! all he wills, obey ;
And thou, great Mars, begin and show the way.
Behold Ascalaphus ! behold him die,
But dare not murmur, dare not vent a sigh ;
Thy own lov'd boasted offspring lies o'erthrown,
If that lov'd boasted offspring be thy own.'

Stern Mars, with anguish for his slaughter'd son,
Smote his rebelling breast, and fierce begun :
' Thus then, immortals ! thus shall Mars obey ;
Forgive me, gods, and yield my vengeance way :
Descending first to yon forbidden plain,
The god of battles dares avenge the slain ;
Dares, though the thunder bursting o'er my head
Should hurl me blazing on those heaps of dead.'

With that, he gives command to Fear and Flight
To join his rapid coursers for the fight :
Then grim in arms, with hasty vengeance flies ;
Arms that reflect a radiance through the skies.
And now had Jove, by bold rebellion driven,
Discharg'd his wrath on half the host of Heaven ;
But Pallas, springing through the bright abode,
Starts from her azure throne to calm the god.
Struck for the' immortal race with timely fear,
From frantic Mars she snatch'd the shield and spear :
Then the huge helmet lifting from his head,
Thus to the' impetuous homicide she said :

' By what wild passion, furious ! art thou toss'd ?
Striv'st thou with Jove ? thou art already lost.
Shall not the thunderer's dread command restrain,
And was imperial Juno heard in vain ?
Back to the skies would'st thou with shame be driven,
And in thy guilt involve the host of Heaven ?
Ilion and Greece no more should Jove engage ;
The skies would yield an ampler scene of rage,
Guilty and guiltless find an equal fate,
And one vast ruin whelm the' Olympian state.
Cease then thy offspring's death unjust to call ;
Heroes as great have died, and yet shall fall.
Why should Heaven's law with foolish man comply,
Exempted from the race ordain'd to die ?'

This menace fix'd the warrior to his throne ;
Sullen he sat, and curb'd the rising groan.
Then Juno call'd (Jove's orders to obey)
The winged Iris, and the god of day.
' Go wait the thunderer's will (Saturnia cried)
On yon tall summit of the fountful Ide :
There in the father's awful presence stand,
Receive, and execute his dread command.'

She said, and sat : the god that gilds the day,
And various Iris, wing their airy way.
Swift as the wind, to Ida's hills they came,
(Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game)
There sat the' eternal ; he whose nod controls
The trembling world, and shakes the steady poles.
Veil'd in a mist of fragrance him they found,
With clouds of gold and purple circled round.
Well-pleas'd the thunderer saw their earnest care,
And prompt obedience to the queen of air ;
Then (while a smile serenest his awful brow)
Commands the goddess of the showery bow.

' Iris ! descend, and what we here ordain,
Report to yon mad tyrant of the main.
Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,
Or breathe from slaughter in the fields of air.
If he refuse, then let him timely weigh
Our elder birthright, and superior sway.
How shall his rashness stand the dire alarms,
If Heaven's omnipotence descend in arms ?
Strives he with me, by whom his power was given,
And is there equal to the lord of Heaven ?

The' almighty spoke ; the goddess wing'd her flight
To sacred Ilion from the' Idæan height.
Swift as the rattling hail, or fleecy snows,
Drive through the skies, when Boreas fiercely blows ;

So from the clouds descending Iris falls ;
And to blue Neptune thus the goddess calls :

‘ Attend the mandate of the sire above,
In me behold the messenger of Jove :
He bids thee from forbidden wars repair
To thine own deeps, or to the fields of air.
This if refus'd, he bids thee timely weigh
His elder birthright, and superior sway.
How shall thy rashness stand the dire alarms,
If Heaven's omnipotence descend in arms ?
Striv'st thou with him by whom all power is given ?
And art thou equal to the lord of Heaven ?

‘ What means the haughty sovereign of the skies ?
(The king of ocean thus, incens'd, replies)
Rule as he will his portion'd realms on high ;
No vassal god, nor of his train, am I.
Three brother deities from Saturn came,
And ancient Rhea, earth's immortal dame :
Assign'd by lot, our triple rule we know ;
Infernal Pluto sways the shades below ;
O'er the wide clouds, and o'er the starry plain,
Ethereal Jove extends his high domain ;
My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,
And hush the roarings of the sacred deep :
Olympus, and this earth, in common lie ;
What claim has here the tyrant of the sky ?
Far in the distant clouds let him control,
And awe the younger brothers of the pole ;
There to his children his commands be given,
The trembling, servile, second race of Heaven.'

‘ And must I then (said she) O sire of floods !
Bear this fierce answer to the king of gods ?
Correct it yet, and change thy rash intent ;
A noble mind disdains not to repent.

To elder brothers guardian fiends are given,
To scourge the wretch insulting them and Heaven.

‘Great is the profit (thus the god rejoind)
When ministers are bless’d with prudent mind :
Warn’d by thy words, to powerful Jove I yield,
And quit, though angry, the contended field.
Not but his threats with justice I disclaim,
The same our honours, and our birth the same.
If yet, forgetful of his promise given
To Hermes, Pallas, and the queen of Heaven,
To favour Ilion, that perfidious place,
He breaks his faith with half the’ ethereal race ;
Give him to know, unless the Grecian train
Lay yon proud structures level with the plain,
Howe’er the’ offence by other gods be past,
The wrath of Neptune shall for ever last.’

Thus speaking, furious from the field he strode,
And plung’d into the bosom of the flood.
The lord of thunders from his lofty height
Beheld, and thus bespoke the source of light :

‘Behold ! the god whose liquid arms are hurl’d
Around the globe, whose earthquakes rock the world,
Desists at length his rebel-war to wage,
Seeks his own seas, and trembles at our rage ;
Else had my wrath, Heaven’s thrones all shaking
Burn’d to the bottom of the seas profound ; [round,
And all the gods that round old Saturn dwell
Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell.
Well was the crime, and well the vengeance spar’d ;
E’en power immense had found such battle hard.
Go thou, my son ! the trembling Greeks alarm,
Shake my broad ægis on thy active arm,
Be godlike Hector thy peculiar care,
Swell his bold heart, and urge his strength to war :

Let Ilium conquer, till the' Achaian train
Fly to their ships and Hellespont again :
Then Greece shall breathe from toils'—The god-
head said ;

His will divine the son of Jove obey'd.
Not half so swift the sailing falcon flies,
That drives a turtle through the liquid skies,
As Phœbus, shooting from the' Idæan brow,
Glides down the mountain to the plain below.
There Hector seated by the stream he sees,
His sense returning with the coming breeze ;
Again his pulses beat, his spirits rise ;
Again his lov'd companions meet his eyes ;
Jove thinking of his pains, they pass'd away.
To whom the god who gives the golden day :

' Why sits great Hector from the field so far ?
What grief, what wound, withholds thee from the
war ?'

The fainting hero, as the vision bright
Stood shining o'er him, half unseal'd his sight :
' What bless'd immortal, with commanding breath,
Thus wakens Hector from the sleep of death ?
Has fame not told, how, while my trusty sword
Bath'd Greece in slaughter, and her battle gor'd,
The mighty Ajax with a deadly blow
Had almost sunk me to the shades below ?
E'en yet, methinks, the gliding ghosts I spy,
And hell's black horrors swim before my eye.'

To him Apollo : ' Be no more dismay'd ;
See, and be strong ! the thunderer sends thee aid.
Behold ! thy Phœbus shall his arms employ,
Phœbus, propitious still to thee and Troy.
Inspire thy warriors then with manly force,
And to the ships impel thy rapid horse :

E'en I will make thy fiery coursers way,
And drive the Grecians headlong to the sea.'

Thus to bold Hector spoke the son of Jove,
And breath'd immortal ardour from above.
As when the pamper'd steed, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his stall, and pours along the ground ;
With ample strokes he rushes to the flood,
To bathe his sides, and cool his fiery blood ;
His head, now freed, he tosses to the skies ;
His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies :
He snuffs the females in the well-known plain,
And springs, exulting, to his fields again.
Urg'd by the voice divine, thus Hector flew,
Full of the god ; and all his hosts pursue.
As when the force of men and dogs combin'd
Invade the mountain goat, or branching hind ;
Far from the hunter's rage secure they lie
Close in the rock, (not fated yet to die)
When lo ! a lion shoots across the way !
They fly : at once the chasers and the prey.
So Greece, that late in conquering troops pursued,
And mark'd their progress through the ranks in
Soon as they see the furious chief appear, [blood,
Forget to vanquish, and consent to fear.

Thoäs with grief observ'd his dreadful course,
Thoäs, the bravest of the Ætolian force ;
Skill'd to direct the javelin's distant flight,
And bold to combat in the standing fight,
Nor more in councils fam'd for solid sense
Than winning words and heavenly eloquence.
' Gods ! what portent (he cried) these eyes invades ?
Lo ! Hector rises from the Stygian shades !
We saw him, late, by thundering Ajax kill'd :
What god restores him to the frighted field ;

And not content that half of Greece lie slain,
Pours new destruction on her sons again?
He comes not, Jove! without thy powerful will;
Lo! still he lives, pursues, and conquers still!
Yet hear my counsel, and his worst withstand:
The Greeks' main body to the fleet command;
But let the few whom brisker spirits warm
Stand the first onset, and provoke the storm.
Thus point your arms; and when such foes appear,
Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear.'

The warrior spoke; the listening Greeks obey,
Thickening their ranks, and form a deep array.

Each Ajax, Teucer, Merion gave command,
The valiant leader of the Cretan band;
And Mars-like Meges: these the chiefs excite,
Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight.
Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend,
To flank the navy, and the shores defend.
Full on the front the pressing Trojans bear,
And Hector first came towering to the war.
Phœbus himself the rushing battle led;
A veil of clouds involv'd his radiant head:
High-held before him, Jove's enormous shield
Portentous shone, and shaded all the field;
Vulcan to Jove the' immortal gift consign'd,
To scatter hosts, and terrify mankind.
The Greeks expect the shock, the clamours rise
From different parts, and mingle in the skies.
Dire was the hiss of darts, by heroes flung,
And arrows leaping from the bow-string sung;
These drink the life of generous warriors slain;
Those guiltless fall, and thirst for blood in vain.
As long as Phœbus bore unmov'd the shield,
Sat doubtful conquest hovering o'er the field;

But when aloft he shakes it in the skies,
Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,
Deep horror seizes every Grecian breast,
Their force is humbled, and their fear confess'd.
So flies a herd of oxen, scatter'd wide,
No swain to guard them, and no day to guide,
When two fell lions from the mountain come,
And spread the carnage through the shady gloom.
Impending Phœbus pours around them fear,
And Troy and Hector thunder in the rear.
Heaps fall on heaps: the slaughter Hector leads;
First great Arcesilas, then Stichius bleeds;
One to the bold Bœotians ever dear,
And one Menestheus' friend and fam'd compeer.
Medon and Iäsus, Æneas sped;
This sprung from Phelus, and the' Athenians led;
But hapless Medon from Oileus came;
Him Ajax honour'd with a brother's name,
Though born of lawless love: from home expell'd,
A banish'd man, in Phylacè he dwell'd,
Press'd by the vengeance of an angry wife;
'Troy ends, at last, his labours and his life.
Mecystes next Polydamas o'erthrew;
And thee, brave Clonius, great Agenor slew.
By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,
Pierc'd through the shoulder as he bascly flies.
Polites' arm laid Echius on the plain;
Stretch'd on one heap, the victors spoil the slain.
'The Greeks dismay'd, confus'd, disperse or fall,
Some seek the trench, some skulk behind the wall,
While these fly trembling, others pant for breath,
And o'er the slaughter stalks gigantic death.
On rush'd bold Hector, gloomy as the night;
Forbids to plunder, animates the fight,

Points to the fleet: 'For by the gods, who flies,
Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies;
No weeping sister his cold eye shall close,
No friendly hand his funeral pyre compose.
Who stops to plunder at this signal hour,
The birds shall tear him, and the dogs devour.'

Furious he said; the smarting scourge resounds;
The coursers fly; the smoking chariot bounds;
The hosts rush on; loud clamours shake the shore;
The horses thunder, earth and ocean roar!
Apollo, planted at the trench's bound, [mound:
Push'd at the bank: down sunk the' enormous
Roll'd in the ditch the heapy ruin lay;
A sudden road! a long and ample way.
O'er the dread fosse (a late impervious space)
Now steeds, and men, and cars, tumultuous pass.
The wondering crowds the downward level trod;
Before them flam'd the shield, and march'd the god.
Then with his hand he shook the mighty wall;
And lo! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall:
Easy, as when ashore an infant stands,
And draws imagin'd houses in the sands;
The sportive wanton, pleas'd with some new play,
Sweeps the slight works and fashion'd domes away:
Thus vanish'd, at thy touch, the towers and walls;
The toil of thousands in a moment falls.

The Grecians gaze around with wild despair,
Confus'd, and weary all the powers with prayer;
Exhort their men, with praises, threats, commands;
And urge the gods, with voices, eyes, and hands.
Experienc'd Nestor chief obtests the skies,
And weeps his country with a father's eyes.

'O Jove! if ever, on his native shore,
One Greek enrich'd thy shrine with offer'd gore;

If e'er, in hope our country to behold,
We paid the fattest firstlings of the fold;
If e'er thou sign'st our wishes with thy nod;
Perform the promise of a gracious god!
This day preserve our navies from the flame,
And save the relics of the Grecian name.'

Thus pray'd the sage : the' eternal gave consent,
And peals of thunder shook the firmament.
Presumptuous Troy mistook the' accepting sign,
And catch'd new fury at the voice divine.
As, when black tempests mix the seas and skies,
The roaring deeps in watery mountains rise,
Above the sides of some tall ship ascend,
Its womb they deluge, and its ribs they rend :
Thus loudly roaring, and o'erpowering all,
Mount the thick Trojans up the Grecian wall ;
Legions on legions from each side arise :
Thick sound the keels ; the storm of arrows flies.
Fierce on the ships above, the cars below,
These wield the mace, and those the javelin throw.

While thus the thunder of the battle rag'd,
And labouring armies round the works engag'd,
Still in the tent Patroclus sat to tend
The good Eurypylus, his wounded friend.
He sprinkles healing balms, to anguish kind,
And adds discourse, the medicine of the mind.
But when he saw, ascending up the fleet,
Victorious Troy ; then, starting from his seat,
With bitter groans his sorrows he express'd,
He wrings his hands, he beats his manly breast.
' Though yet thy state require redress (he cries)
Depart I must : what horrors strike my eyes ?
Charg'd with Achilles' high command I go,
A mournful witness of this scene of woe :

I haste to urge him by his country's care
To rise in arms, and shine again in war.
Perhaps some favouring god his soul may bend ;
The voice is powerful of a faithful friend.'

He spoke ; and, speaking, swifter than the wind
Sprung from the tent, and left the war behind.
The' embodied Greeks the fierce attack sustain,
But strive, though numerous, to repulse in vain ;
Nor could the Trojans, through that firm array,
Force to the fleet and tents the' impervious way.
As when a shipwright, with Palladian art,
Smooths the rough wood, and levels every part ;
With equal hand he guides his whole design,
By the just rule, and the directing line :
The martial leaders, with like skill and care,
Preserv'd their line, and equal kept the war.
Brave deeds of arms through all the ranks were tried,
And every ship sustain'd an equal tide.
At one proud bark, high-towering o'er the fleet,
Ajax the great, and godlike Hector meet ;
For one bright prize the matchless chiefs contend,
Nor this the ships can fire, nor that defend :
One kept the shore, and one the vessel trod ;
That fix'd as fate, this acted by a god.
The son of Clytius in his daring hand,
The deck approaching, shakes a flaming brand ;
But pierc'd by Telamon's huge lance expires :
Thundering he falls, and drops the' extinguish'd fires.
Great Hector view'd him with a sad survey,
As stretch'd in dust before the stern he lay.
' Oh ! all of Trojan, all of Lycian race !
Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous space :
Lo ! where the son of royal Clytius lies ;
Ah save his arms, secure his obsequies !'

This said, his eager javelin sought the foe :
But Ajax shun'd the meditated blow.
Not vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown ;
It stretch'd in dust unhappy Lycophron :
An exile long, sustain'd at Ajax' board,
A faithful servant to a foreign lord ;
In peace, in war, for ever at his side,
Near his lov'd master, as he liv'd, he died.
From the high poop he tumbles on the sand,
And lies a lifeless load along the land.
With anguish Ajax views the piercing sight,
And thus inflames his brother to the fight.

' Teucer, behold ! extended on the shore
Our friend, our lov'd companion ! now no more !
Dear as a parent, with a parent's care
To fight our wars he left his native air.
This death deplor'd, to Hector's rage we owe ;
Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe.
Where are those darts on which the fates attend ?
And where the bow which Phœbus taught to bend ?

Impatient Teucer, hastening to his aid,
Before the chief his ample bow display'd ;
The well-stor'd quiver on his shoulders hung :
Then hiss'd his arrow, and the bowstring sung.
Clytus, Pisenor's son, renown'd in fame,
(To thee, Polydamas ! an honour'd name)
Drove through the thickest of the embattled plains
The startling steeds, and shook his eager reins.
As all on glory ran his ardent mind,
The pointed death arrests him from behind :
Through his fair neck the thrilling arrow flies ;
In youth's first bloom reluctantly he dies.
Hurl'd from the lofty seat, at distance far,
The headlong coursers spurn his empty car ;

Till sad Polydamas the steeds restrain'd,
And gave, Astynous, to thy careful hand;
Then, fir'd to vengeance, rush'd amidst the foe;
Rage edg'd his sword, and strengthen'd every blow.

Once more bold Teucer, in his country's cause,
At Hector's breast a chosen arrow draws;
And had the weapon found the destin'd way,
Thy fall, great Trojan! had renown'd that day.
But Hector was not doom'd to perish then:
The' all-wise disposer of the fates of men
(Imperial Jove) his present death withstands;
Nor was such glory due to Teucer's hands.
At its full stretch as the tough string he drew,
Struck by an arm unseen, it burst in two;
Down dropp'd the bow: the shaft with brazen head
Fell innocent, and on the dust lay dead.
The' astonish'd archer to great Ajax cries;
'Some god prevents our destin'd enterprise:
Some god, propitious to the Trojan foe,
Has, from my arm unfailing, struck the bow,
And broke the nerve my hands had twin'd with art,
Strong to impel the flight of many a dart.'

'Since Heaven commands it (Ajax made reply)
Dismiss the bow, and lay thy arrows by;
Thy arms no less suffice the lance to wield,
And quit the quiver for the ponderous shield.
In the first ranks indulge thy thirst of fame,
Thy brave example shall the rest inflame.
Fierce as they are, by long successes vain;
To force our fleet, or e'en a ship to gain,
Asks toil, and sweat, and blood: their utmost might
Shall find its match—no more: 'tis ours to fight.'

Then Teucer laid his faithless bow aside;
The fourfold buckler o'er his shoulder tied;

On his brave head a crested helm he plac'd,
With nodding horse-hair formidably grac'd ;
A dart, whose point with brass refulgent shines,
The warrior wields ; and his great brother joins.

This Hector saw, and thus express'd his joy :
' Ye troops of Lycia, Dardanus, and Troy !
Be mindful of yourselves, your ancient fame,
And spread your glory with the navy's flame.
Jove is with us ; I saw his hand, but now,
From the proud archer strike his vaunted bow :
Indulgent Jove ! how plain thy favours shine,
When happy nations bear the marks divine !
How easy then, to see the sinking state
Of realms accurs'd, deserted, reprobate !
Such is the fate of Greece, and such is ours :
Behold, ye warriors, and exert your pow'rs.
Death is the worst ; a fate which all must try ;
And, for our country, 'tis a bliss to die.
The gallant man, though slain in fight he be,
Yet leaves his nation safe, his children free ;
Entails a debt on all the grateful state ;
His own brave friends shall glory in his fate ;
His wife live honour'd, all his race succeed ;
And late posterity enjoy the deed !

This rous'd the soul in every Trojan breast :
The godlike Ajax next his Greeks address'd :
" How long, ye warriors of the Argive race,
(To generous Argos what a dire disgrace!)
How long, on these curs'd confines will ye lie,
Yet undetermin'd, or to live or die !
What hopes remain, what methods to retire,
If once your vessels catch the Trojan fire ?
Mark how the flames approach, how near they fall,
How Hector calls, and Troy obeys his call !

Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites,
It calls to death, and all the rage of fights.
'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates ;
To your own hands are trusted all your fates ;
And better far in one decisive strife,
One day should end our labour or our life,
Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands,
Still press'd, and press'd by such inglorious hands.'

The listening Grecians feel their leader's flame,
And every kindling bosom pants for fame.
Then mutual slaughters spread on either side ;
By Hector here the Phocian Schedius died ;
There, pierc'd by Ajax, sunk Laodamas,
Chief of the foot, of old Antenor's race.
Polydamas laid Otus on the sand,
The fierce commander of the' Epeian band.
His lance bold Meges at the victor threw ;
The victor, stooping, from the death withdrew ;
(That valued life, O Phœbus ! was thy care)
But Crœsmus' bosom took the flying spear :
His corpse fell bleeding on the slippery shore ;
His radiant arms triumphant Meges bore.
Dolops, the son of Lampus, rushes on,
Sprung from the race of old Laomedon,
And fam'd for prowess in a well-fought field ;
He pierc'd the centre of his sounding shield :
But Meges, Phyleus' ample breastplate wore,
(Well-known in fight on Selles' winding shore ;
For king Euphetes gave the golden mail,
Compact, and firm with many a jointed scale)
Which oft, in cities storm'd, and battles won,
Had sav'd the father, and now saves the son,
Full at the Trojan's head he urg'd his lance,
Where the high plumes above the helmet dance,

New ting'd with Tyrian dye : in dust below,
Shorn from the crest, the purple honours glow.
Meantime their fight the Spartan king survey'd,
And stood by Meges' side, a sudden aid,
Through Dolops' shoulder urg'd his forceful dart,
Which held its passage through the panting heart,
And issued at his breast. With thundering sound
The warrior falls, extended on the ground.
In rush the conquering Greeks to spoil the slain :
But Hector's voice excites his kindred train ;
The hero most, from Hicetaon sprung,
Fierce Melanippus, gallant, brave, and young.
He (ere to Troy the Grecians cross'd the main)
Fed his large oxen on Percotè's plain ;
But when oppress'd, his country claim'd his care,
Return'd to Iliou, and excell'd in war ;
For this, in Priam's court, he held his place,
Belov'd no less than Priam's royal race.
Him Hector singled, as his troops he led,
And thus inflam'd him, pointing to the dead.

' Lo, Melanippus ! lo, where Dolops lies ;
And is it thus our royal kinsman dies ?
O'ermatch'd he falls ; to two at once a prey,
And lo ! they bear the bloody arms away !
Come on—a distant war no longer wage,
But hand to hand thy country's foes engage :
Till Greece at once, and all her glory end ;
Or Iliou from her towery height descend,
Heav'd from the lowest stone ; and bury all
In one sad sepulchre, one common fall.'

Hector (this said) rush'd forward on the foes :
With equal ardour Melanippus glows :
Then Ajax thus—' O Greeks ! respect your fame,
Respect yourselves, and learn an honest shame :

Let mutual reverence mutual warmth inspire,
And catch from breast to breast the noble fire.
On valour's side the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die ;
The wretch that trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame.'

His generous sense he not in vain imparts ;
It sunk, and rooted in the Grecian hearts :
They join, they throng, they thicken at his call,
And flank the navy with a brazen wall ;
Shields touching shields, in order blaze above,
And stop the Trojans, though impell'd by Jove.
The fiery Spartan first, with loud applause,
Warms the bold son of Nestor in his cause.
' Is there (he said) in arms a youth like you,
So strong to fight, so active to pursue ?
Why stand you distant, nor attempt a deed ?
Lift the bold lance, and make some Trojan bleed.'

He said ; and backward to the lines retir'd ;
Forth rush'd the youth, with martial fury fir'd,
Beyond the foremost ranks ; his lance he threw,
And round the black battalions cast his view.
The troops of Troy recede with sudden fear,
While the swift javelin hiss'd along in air.
Advancing Melanippus met the dart
With his bold breast, and felt it in his heart :
Thundering he falls ; his falling arms resound,
And his broad buckler rings against the ground.
The victor leaps upon his prostrate prize :
Thus on a roe the well-breath'd beagle flies,
And rends his side, fresh-bleeding with the dart
The distant hunter sent into his heart.
Observing Hector to the rescue flew ;
Bold as he was, Antilochus withdrew.

So when a savage, ranging o'er the plain,
Has torn the shepherd's dog, or shepherd's swain,
While conscious of the deed, he glares around,
And hears the gathering multitude resound,
Timely he flies the yet-untasted food,
And gains the friendly shelter of the wood :
So fears the youth ; all Troy with shouts pursue,
While stones and darts in mingled tempest flew ;
But enter'd in the Grecian ranks, he turns
His manly breast, and with new fury burns.

Now on the fleet the tides of Trojans drove,
Fierce to fulfil the stern decrees of Jove :
The sire of gods, confirming Thetis' prayer,
The Grecian ardour quench'd in deep despair ;
But lifts to glory Troy's prevailing hands, [hands,
Swells all their hearts, and strengthens all their
On Ida's top he waits with longing eyes,
To view the navy blazing to the skies ;
Then, nor till then, the scale of war shall turn,
The Trojans fly, and conquer'd Ilium burn.
These fates revolved in his almighty mind,
He raises Hector to the work design'd,
Bids him with more than mortal fury glow,
And drives him, like a lightning, on the foe.
So Mars, when human crimes for vengeance call,
Shakes his huge javelin, and whole armies fall.
Not with more rage a conflagration rolls,
Wraps the vast mountains, and involves the poles :
He foams with wrath ; beneath his gloomy brow
Like fiery meteors his red eye-balls glow ;
The radiant helmet on his temples burns,
Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns :
For Jove his splendour round the chief had thrown,
And cast the blaze of both the hosts on one.

Unhappy glories! for his fate was near,
Due to stern Pallas, and Pelides' spear :
Yet Jove deferr'd the death he was to pay,
And gave what fate allow'd, the honours of a day !

Now all on fire for fame, his breast, his eyes
Burn at each foe, and single every prize ;
Still at the closest ranks, the thickest fight,
He points his ardour, and exerts his might.
The Grecian phalanx, moveless as a tower,
On all sides batter'd, yet resists his power :
So some tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,
By winds assail'd, by billows beat in vain,
Unmov'd it hears, above, the tempest blow,
And sees the watry mountains break below.
Girt in surrounding flames, he seems to fall
Like fire from Jove, and bursts upon them all :
Bursts as a wave that from the clouds impends,
And swell'd with tempests on the ship descends ;
White are the decks with foam ; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the masts, and sing through every shroud :
Pale, trembling, tir'd, the sailors freeze with fears ;
And instant death on every wave appears.
So pale the Greeks the eyes of Hector meet,
The chief so thunders, and so shakes the fleet.

As when a lion, rushing from his den,
Amidst the plain of some wide-water'd fen,
(Where numerous oxen, as at ease they feed,
At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead)
Leaps on the herds before the herdsman's eyes ;
The trembling herdsman far to distance flies :
Some lordly bull (the rest dispers'd and fled)
He singles out ; arrests, and lays him dead.
Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew
All Greece in heaps ; but one he seiz'd, and slew :

Mycenian Periphus, a mighty name,
In wisdom great, in arms well known to fame ;
The minister of stern Eurystheus' ire,
Against Alcides, Copreus was his sire :
The son redeem'd the honours of the race,
A son as generous as the sire was base ;
O'er all his country's youth conspicuous far
In every virtue, or of peace or war :
But doom'd to Hector's stronger force to yield !
Against the margin of his ample shield
He struck his hasty foot : his heels up-sprung ;
Supine he fell ; his brazen helmet rung.
On the fallen chief the' invading Trojan press'd,
And plung'd the pointed javelin in his breast.
His circling friends, who strove to guard too late
The' unhappy hero, fled, or shar'd his fate.

Chas'd from the foremost line, the Grecian train
Now man the next, receding toward the main :
Wedg'd in one body at the tents they stand,
Wall'd round with sterns, a gloomy desperate band.
Now manly shame forbids the' inglorious flight ;
Now fear itself confines them to the fight :
Man courage breathes in man ; but Nestor most
(The sage preserver of the Grecian host)
Exhorts, adjures, to guard these utmost shores ;
And by their parents, by themselves, implores.

'O friends! be men: your generous breasts inflame
With mutual honour, and with mutual shame !
Think of your hopes, your fortunes ; all the care
Your wives, your infants, and your parents share :
Think of each living father's reverend head :
Think of each ancestor with glory dead ;
Absent, by me they speak, by me they sue ;
They ask their safety, and their fame, from you :

The gods their fates on this one action lay,
And all are lost, if you desert the day.'

He spoke, and round him breath'd heroic fires ;
Minerva seconds what the sage inspires.

The mist of darkness Jove around them threw
She clear'd, restoring all the war to view ;

A sudden ray shot beaming o'er the plain,
And show'd the shores, the navy, and the main :

Hector they saw, and all who fly, or fight,
The scene wide-opening to the blaze of light.

First of the field great Ajax strikes their eyes,
His port majestic, and his ample size :

A ponderous mace with studs of iron crown'd,
Full twenty cubits long, he swings around ;

Nor fights, like others, fix'd to certain stands,
But looks a moving tower above the bands ;

High on the decks with vast gigantic stride,
The godlike hero stalks from side to side.

So when a horseman from the watry mead
(Skill'd in the manage of the bounding steed)

Drives four fair coursers, practis'd to obey,
To some great city through the public way ;

Safe in his art, as side by side they run,
He shifts his seat, and vaults from one to one ;

And now to this, and now to that he flies ;
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.

From ship to ship thus Ajax swiftly flew,
No less the wonder of the warring crew.

As furious, Hector thunder'd threats aloud,
And rush'd enrag'd before the Trojan crowd :

Then swift invades the ships, whose beaky proes
Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending shores.

So the strong eagle from his airy height,
Who marks the swans' or cranes' embodied flight,

Stoops down impetuous, while they light for food,
And, stooping, darkens with his wings the flood.
Jove leads him on with his almighty hand,
And breathes fierce spirits in his following band.
The warring nations meet, the battle roars,
Thick beats the combat on the sounding prores.
Thou would'st have thought, so furious was their fire,
No force could tame them, and no toil could tire ;
As if new vigour from new fights they won,
And the long battle was but then begun.
Greece, yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in despair ;
Troy in proud hopes already view'd the main
Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes slain :
Like strength is felt from hope, and from despair,
And each contends, as his were all the war.

'Twas thou, bold Hector! whose resistless hand
First seiz'd a ship on that contested strand ;
The same which dead Protesilaüs bore,
The first that touch'd the' unhappy Trojan shore :
For this in arms the warring nations stood,
And bath'd their generous breasts with mutual blood.
No room to poise the lance or bend the bow ;
But hand to hand, and man to man, they grow :
Wounded, they wound ; and seek each other's hearts
With falchions, axes, swords, and shorten'd darts.
The falchions ring, shields rattle, axes sound,
Swords flash in air, or glitter on the ground ;
With streaming blood the slippery shores are dyed,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.

Still raging, Hector with his ample hand
Grasps the high stern, and gives this loud command :
'Haste, bring the flames! the toil of ten long years
Is finish'd ; and the day desir'd appears !

This happy day with acclamations greet,
Bright with destruction of yon hostile fleet.
The coward councils of a timorous throng
Of reverend dotards check'd our glory long :
Too long Jove lull'd us with lethargic charms,
But now in peals of thunder calls to arms :
In this great day he crowns our full desires,
Wakes all our force, and seconds all our fires.'

He spoke—the warriors, at his fierce command,
Pour a new deluge on the Grecian band.
E'en Ajax paus'd (so thick the javelins fly,)
Stepp'd back, and doubted or to live or die.
Yet, where the oars are plac'd, he stands to wait
What chief approaching dares attempt his fate :
E'en to the last, his naval charge defends,
Now shakes his spear, now lifts, and now protends ;
E'en yet, the Greeks with piercing shouts inspires,
Amidst attacks, and deaths, and darts, and fires.

' O friends ! O heroes ! names for ever dear,
Once sons of Mars, and thunderbolts of war !
Ah ! yet be mindful of your old renown,
Your great forefathers' virtues and your own.
What aids expect you in this utmost strait ?
What bulwarks rising between you and fate ?
No aids, no bulwarks your retreat attend,
No friends to help, no city to defend.
This spot is all you have, to lose or keep ;
There stand the Trojans, and here rolls the deep.
'Tis hostile ground you tread ; your native lands
Far, far from hence : your fates are in your hands.'

Raging he spoke ; nor further wastes his breath,
But turns his javelin to the work of death.
Whate'er bold Trojan arm'd his daring hands,
Against the sable ships, with flaming brands,

So well the chief his naval weapon sped,
The luckless warrior at his stern lay dead :
Full twelve, the boldest, in a moment fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.

THE
SIXTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE SIXTH BATTLE : THE ACTS AND DEATH OF PATROCLUS.

PATROCLUS (in pursuance of the request of Nestor in the eleventh book) entreats Achilles to suffer him to go to the assistance of the Greeks with Achilles's troops and armour. He agrees to it, but at the same time charges him to content himself with rescuing the fleet, without further pursuit of the enemy. The armour, horses, soldiers, and officers are described. Achilles offers a libation for the success of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans, at the sight of Patroclus in Achilles's armour, taking him for that hero, are cast into the utmost consternation ; he beats them off from the vessels, Hector himself flies, Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averse to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are described ; in the heat of which, Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, pursues the foe to the walls of Troy ; where Apollo repulses and disarms him, Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him : which concludes the book.

THE
ILIAD.

BOOK XVI.

So warr'd both armies on the' ensanguin'd shore,
While the black vessels smok'd with human gore.
Meantime Patroclus to Achilles flies ;
The streaming tears fall copious from his eyes ;
Not faster, trickling to the plains below,
From the tall rock the sable waters flow.
Divine Pelides, with compassion mov'd,
Thus spoke, indulgent, to his best belov'd.

‘ Patroclus, say, what grief thy bosom bears,
That flows so fast in these unmanly tears ?
No girl, no infant whom the mother keeps
From her lov'd breast, with fonder passion weeps ;
Not more the mother's soul that infant warms,
Clung to her knees, and reaching at her arms,
Than thou hast mine ! Oh tell me, to what end
Thy melting sorrows thus pursue thy friend ?

‘ Griev'st thou for me, or for my martial band ?
Or come sad tidings from our native land ?
Our fathers live (our first, most tender care),
Thy good Menœtius breathes the vital air,
And hoary Peleus yet extends his days ;
Pleas'd in their age to hear their children's praise.

Or may some meaner cause thy pity claim ?
Perhaps yon reliques of the Grecian name,
Doom'd in their ships to sink by fire and sword,
And pay the forfeit of their haughty lord ?
Whate'er the cause, reveal thy secret care,
And speak those sorrows which a friend would share.'

A sigh that instant from his bosom broke,
Another follow'd, and Patroclus spoke.

' Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breast,
Thyself a Greek ; and, once, of Greeks the best !
Lo ! every chief that might her fate prevent,
Lies pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in his tent :
Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' son,
And wise Ulysses, at the navy groan,
More for their country's wounds, than for their
own. }

Their pain soft arts of pharmacy can ease,
Thy breast alone no lenitives appease.
May never rage like thine my soul enslave,
O great in vain ! unprofitably brave !
Thy country slighted in her last distress,
What friend, what man, from thee shall hope redress ?
No—men unborn, and ages yet behind,
Shall curse that fierce, that unforgiving mind.

' O man unpitying ! if of man thy race ;
But sure thou spring'st not from a soft embrace,
Nor ever amorous hero caus'd thy birth,
Nor ever tender goddess brought thee forth :
Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,
And raging seas produc'd thee in a storm,
A soul well-suited that tempestuous kind,
So rough thy manners, so untam'd thy mind.

' If some dire oracle thy breast alarm,
If aught from Jove, or Thetis, stop thy arm,

Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine
If I but lead the Myrmidonian line:
Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,
Proud Troy shall tremble, and desert the war:
Without thy person Greece shall win the day,
And thy mere image chase her foes away.
Press'd by fresh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
Shall quit the ships, and Greece respire again.'

Thus, blind to fate! with supplicating breath,
Thou begg'st his arms, and in his arms thy death.
Unfortunately good! a boding sigh
Thy friend return'd; and with it this reply.

' Patroclus! thy Achilles knows no fears;
Nor words from Jove, nor oracles he hears;
Nor aught a mother's caution can suggest;
The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breast.
My wrongs, my wrongs, my constant thought engage,
Those, my sole oracles, inspire my rage:
I made him tyrant: gave him power to wrong
Ev'n me: I felt it; and shall feel it long.
The maid, my black-ey'd maid, he forc'd away,
Due to the toils of many a well-fought day;
Due to my conquest of her father's reign;
Due to the votes of all the Grecian train.
From me he forc'd her; me, the bold and brave;
Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the meanest slave.
But bear we this—the wrongs I grieve are past;
'Tis time our fury should relent at last:
I fix'd its date; the day I wish'd appears:
Now Hector to my ships his battle bears,
The flames my eyes, the shouts invade my ears. }
Go then, Patroclus! court fair honour's charms }
In Troy's fam'd fields, and in Achilles' arms:
Lead forth my martial Myrmidons to fight,
Go save the fleets, and conquer in my right.

See the thin reliques of their baffled band
At the last edge of yon deserted land !
Behold all Ilion on their ships descends ;
How the cloud blackens, how the storm impends !
It was not thus, when, at my sight amaz'd,
Troy saw and trembled, as this helmet blaz'd :
Had not the' injurious king our friendship lost,
Yon ample trench had buried half her host.
No camps, no bulwarks now the Trojans fear,
Those are not dreadful, no Achilles there ;
No longer flames the lance of Tydeus' son ;
No more your general calls his heroes on ;
Hector, alone, I hear ; his dreadful breath
Commands your slaughter, or proclaims your death.
Yet now, Patroclus, issue to the plain ;
Now save the ships, the rising fires restrain,
And give the Greeks to visit Greece again.
But heed my words, and mark a friend's command,
Who trusts his fame and honours in thy hand,
And from thy deeds expects the' Achaian host
Shall render back the beauteous maid he lost :
Rage uncontroll'd through all the hostile crew,
But touch not Hector, Hector is my due.
Though Jove in thunder should command the war,
Be just, consult my glory, and forbear.
The fleet once sav'd, desist from further chace,
Nor lead to Ilion's walls the Grecian race ;
Some adverse god thy rashness may destroy ;
Some god, like Phœbus, ever kind to Troy.
Let Greece, redeem'd from this destructive strait,
Do her own work ; and leave the rest to fate.
O ! would to all the' immortal powers above,
Apollo, Pallas, and almighty Jove !
That not one Trojan might be left alive,
And not a Greek of all the race survive :

Might only we the vast destruction shun,
And only we destroy the' accursed town !'

Such conference held the chiefs ; while on the strand
Great Jove with conquest crown'd the Trojan band.
Ajax no more the sounding storm sustain'd,
So thick the darts an iron tempest rain'd :
On his tir'd arm the weighty buckler hung ;
His hollow helm with falling javelins rung ;
His breath, in quick, short pantings, comes, and goes ;
And painful sweat from all his members flows.
Spent and o'erpower'd, he barely breathes at most ;
Yet scarce an army stirs him from his post :
Dangers on dangers all around him grow,
And toil to toil, and woe succeeds to woe.

Say, Muses, thron'd above the starry frame,
How first the navy blaz'd with Trojan flame ?

Stern Hector wav'd his sword : and standing near
Where furious Ajax plied his ashen spear,
Full on the lance a stroke so justly sped,
That the broad falchion lop'd its brazen head :
His pointless spear the warrior shakes in vain ;
The brazen head falls sounding on the plain.
Great Ajax saw, and own'd the hand divine,
Confessing Jove, and trembling at the sign ;
Warn'd, he retreats. Then swift from all sides pour
The hissing brands ; thick streams the fiery show'r ;
O'er the high stern the curling volumes rise,
And sheets of rolling smoke involve the skies.

Divine Achilles view'd the rising flames,
And smote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims.
' Arm, arm, Patroclus ! Lo, the blaze aspires !
The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.
Arm, ere our vessels catch the spreading flame ;
Arm, ere the Grecians be no more a name ;

I haste to bring the troops'—The hero said ;
The friend with ardour and with joy obey'd.

He cas'd his limbs in brass ; and first around
His manly legs with silver buckles bound
'The clasp'ing greaves ; then to his breast applies
'The flaming cuirass of a thousand dyes ;
Emblaz'd with studs of gold his falchion shone
In the rich belt, as in a starry zone :
Achilles' shield his ample shoulders spread,
Achilles' helmet nodded o'er his head :
Adorn'd in all his terrible array,
He flash'd around intolerable day.
Alone untouch'd, Pelides' javelin stands,
Not to be pois'd but by Pelides hands :
From Pelion's shady brow the plant entire
Old Chiron rent, and shap'd it for his sire ;
Whose son's great arm alone the weapon wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.

Then brave Automedon (an honour'd name,
The second to his lord in love and fame,
In peace his friend, and partner of the war)
'The winged coursers harness'd to the car ;
Xanthus and Balius, of immortal breed,
Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in speed ;
Whom the wing'd harpy, swift Podarge, bore,
By Zephyr pregnant on the breezy shore :
Swift Pegasus was added to their side,
(Once great Aëtion's, now Achilles' pride)
Who, like in strength, in swiftness, and in grace,
A mortal courser, match'd the' immortal race.

Achilles speeds from tent to tent, and warns
His hardy Myrmidons to blood and arms.
All breathing death, around the chief they stand,
A grim, terrific, formidable band :

Grim as voracious wolves, that seek the springs
When scalding thirst their burning bowels wrings ;
When some tall stag, fresh-slaughter'd in the wood,
Has drench'd their wide insatiate throats with blood,
To the black fount they rush, a hideous throng,
With paunch distended, and with lolling tongue,
Fire fills their eye, their black jaws belch the gore,
And gorg'd with slaughter still they thirst for more.
Like furious, rush'd the Myrmidonian crew, [view.
Such their dread strength, and such their deathful

High in the midst the great Achilles stands,
Directs their order, and the war commands.
He, lov'd of Jove, had launch'd for Ilion's shores
Full fifty vessels, mann'd with fifty oars :
Five chosen leaders the fierce bands obey,
Himself supreme in valour, as in sway.

First march'd Menestheus, of celestial birth,
Deriv'd from thee, whose waters wash the earth,
Divine Sperchius ! Jove-descended flood !
A mortal mother mixing with a god.
Such was Menestheus, but miscall'd by fame.
The son of Borus, that espous'd the dame.

Eudorus next ; whom Polymele the gay,
Fam'd in the graceful dance, produc'd to day.
Her, sly Cellenius lov'd ; on her would gaze,
As with swift step she form'd the running maze :
To her high chamber from Diana's quire,
The god pursued her, urg'd, and crown'd his fire.
The son confess'd his father's heavenly race,
And heir'd his mother's swiftness in the chace.
Strong Echeclæus, bless'd in all those charms
That pleas'd a god, succeeded to her arms ;
Not conscious of those loves, long hid from fame,
With gifts of price he sought and won the dame ;

Her secret offspring to her sire she bare ;
Her sire caress'd him with a parent's care.

Pisander follow'd ; matchless in his art
To wing the spear, or aim the distant dart ;
No hand so sure of all the Emathian line,
Or if a surer, great Patroclus ! thine.

The fourth by Phœnix' grave command was grac'd ;
Lærces' valiant offspring led the last.

Soon as Achilles with superior care
Had call'd the chiefs, and order'd all the war,
This stern remembrance to his troops he gave :
' Ye far-fam'd Myrmidons, ye fierce and brave !
Think with what threats you dar'd the Trojan throng,
Think what reproach these ears endur'd so long ;
' Stern son of Peleus, (thus ye us'd to say,
While restless, raging, in your ships you lay)
' O nurs'd with gall, unknowing how to yield ;
Whose rage defrauds us of so fam'd a field :
If that dire fury must for ever burn,
What make we here ? Return, ye chiefs, return !
Such were your words—Now warriors ! grieve no
more,

Lo there the Trojans ; bathe your swords in gore !
This day shall give you all your soul demands,
Glut all your hearts, and weary all your hands !

Thus while he rous'd the fire in every breast,
Close and more close, the listening cohorts press'd ;
Ranks wedg'd in ranks ; of arms a steely ring
Still grows, and spreads, and thickens round the king.
As when a circling wall the builder forms,
Of strength defensive against winds and storms,
Compacted stones the thickening work compose,
And round him wide the rising structure grows :
So helm to helm, and crest to crest they throng,
Shield arg'd on shield, and man drove man along ;

Thick, undistinguish'd plumes, together join'd,
Float in one sea, and wave before the wind.

Far o'er the rest, in glittering pomp appear
There bold Automedon, Patroclus here ;
Brothers in arms, with equal fury fir'd ;
Two friends, two bodies with one soul inspir'd.

But mindful of the gods, Achilles went
To the rich coffer in his shady tent :
There lay on heaps his various garments roll'd,
And costly furs, and carpets stiff with gold.
(The presents of the silver-footed dame)
From thence he took a bowl, of antique frame,
Which never man had stain'd with ruddy wine,
Nor rais'd in offerings to the powers divine,
But Peleus' son ; and Peleus' son to none
Had rais'd in offerings, but to Jove alone.
'This ting'd with sulphur, sacred first to flame,
He purg'd ; and wash'd it in the running stream.
Then cleans'd his hands ; and fixing for a space
His eyes on heaven, his feet upon the place
Of sacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd
Forth in the midst ; and thus the god implor'd.

' O thou supreme ! high-thron'd all height above !
O great Pelasgic, Dodonæan Jove !
Who 'midst surrounding frosts, and vapours chill,
Presid'st on bleak Dodona's vocal hill :
(Whose groves the Selli, race austere ! surround,
Their feet unwash'd, their slumbers on the ground ;
Who hear, from rustling oaks, thy dark decrees ;
And catch the fates, low-whisper'd in the breeze ;)
Hear, as of old ! Thou gav'st, at Thetis' prayer,
Glory to me, and to the Greeks despair.
Lo, to the dangers of the fighting field
The best, the dearest of my friends, I yield ;

Though still determin'd, to my ships confin'd;
Patroclus gone, I stay but half behind.
O! be his guard thy providential care,
Confirm his heart, and string his arm to war:
Press'd by his single force let Hector see
His fame in arms not owing all to me.
But when the fleets are sav'd from foes and fire,
Let him with conquest and renown retire;
Preserve his arms, preserve his social train,
And safe return him to these eyes again!

Great Jove consents to half the chief's request,
But heaven's eternal doom denies the rest;
To free the fleet was granted to his prayer;
His safe return, the winds dispers'd in air.
Back to his tent the stern Achilles flies,
And waits the combat with impatient eyes.

Meanwhile the troops beneath Patroclus' care,
Invade the Trojans, and commence the war.
As wasps, provok'd by children in their play,
Pour from their mansions by the broad highway,
In swarms the guiltless traveller engage,
Whet all their stings, and call forth all their rage:
All rise in arms, and, with a general cry,
Assert their waxen domes, and buzzing progeny.
Thus from the tents the fervent legion swarms,
So loud their clamours, and so keen their arms:
Their rising rage Patroclus' breath inspires,
Who thus inflames them with heroic fires.

'O warriors, partners of Achilles' praise!
Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days;
Your godlike master let your acts proclaim,
And add new glories to his mighty name.
Think your Achilles sees you fight: be brave,
And humble the proud monarch whom you save.'

Joyful they heard, and kindling as he spoke,
Flew to the fleet, involv'd in fire and smoke.
From shore to shore the doubling shouts resound,
The hollow ships return a deeper sound.
The war stood still, and all around them gaz'd,
When great Achilles' shining armour blaz'd :
Troy saw, and thought the dread Achilles nigh,
At once they see, they tremble, and they fly.

Then first thy spear, divine Patroclus ! flew,
Where the war rag'd, and where the tumult grew.
Close to the stern of that fam'd ship which bore
Unbless'd Protesilaus to Ilion's shore,
The great Pæonian, bold Pyrechmes, stood ;
(Who led his bands from Axius' winding flood)
His shoulder-blade receives the fatal wound ;
The groaning warrior pants upon the ground.
His troops, that see their country's glory slain,
Fly diverse, scatter'd o'er the distant plain.
Patroclus' arm forbids the spreading fires,
And from the half-burn'd ship proud Troy retires :
Clear'd from the smoke the joyful navy lies ;
In heaps on heaps the foe tumultuous flies ;
Triumphant Greece her rescued decks ascends,
And loud acclaim the starry region rends.
So when thick clouds inwrap the mountain's head,
O'er heaven's expanse like one black ceiling spread ;
Sudden the thunderer, with a flashing ray,
Bursts through the darkness, and lets down the day :
The hills shine out, the rocks in prospect rise,
And streams, and vales, and forests, strike the eyes ;
The smiling scene wide opens to the sight,
And all the' unmeasur'd ether flames with light.

But Troy repuls'd, and scatter'd o'er the plains,
Forc'd from the navy, yet the fight maintains,

He sees for Greece the scale of conquest rise,
Yet stops, and turns, and saves his lov'd allies.

As when the hand of Jove a tempest forms,
And rolls the cloud to blacken heaven with storms;
Dark o'er the fields the' ascending vapour flies,
And shades the sun, and blots the golden skies :
So from the ships, along the dusky plain,
Dire Flight and Terror drove the Trojan train.
Ev'n Hector fled ; through heaps of disarray
The fiery coursers forc'd their lord away :
While far behind his Trojans fall confus'd ;
Wedg'd in the trench, in one vast carnage bruis'd :
Chariots on chariots roll : the clashing spokes
Shock ; while the madding steeds break short their
In vain they labour up the steepy mound ; [yokes,
Their charioteers lie foaming on the ground.
Fierce on the rear, with shouts, Patroclus flies ;
Tumultuous clamour fills the fields and skies ;
Thick drifts of dust involve their rapid flight ;
Clouds rise on clouds, and heaven is snatch'd from
sight.

The' affrighted steeds, their dying lords cast down,
Scour o'er the fields, and stretch to reach the town.
Loud o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry,
Where the war bleeds, and where the thickest die,
Where horse and arms, and chariots lie o'erthrown,
And bleeding heroes under axles groan.

No stop, no check, the steeds of Peleus knew :
From bank to bank the' immortal coursers flew,
High-bounding o'er the fosse : the whirling car
Smokes through the ranks, o'ertakes the flying war,
And thunders after Hector : Hector flies,
Patroclus shakes his lance : but fate denies.
Not with less noise, with less impetuous force,
The tide of Trojans urge their desperate course,

Than when in autumn Jove his fury pours,
And earth is loaden with incessant show'rs ;
(When guilty mortals break the' eternal laws,
Or judges, brib'd, betray the righteous cause)
From their deep beds he bids the rivers rise,
And opens all the flood-gates of the skies :
The' impetuous torrents from their hills obey,
Whole fields are drown'd, and mountainsswept away ;
Loud roars the deluge till it meets the main ;
And trembling man sees all his labours vain !

And now the chief (the foremost troops repell'd)
Back to the ships his destin'd progress held,
Bore down half Troy in his resistless way,
And forc'd the routed ranks to stand the day.
Between the space where silver Simois flows,
Where lay the fleets, and where the rampires rose,
All grim in dust and blood, Patroclus stands,
And turns the slaughter on the conquering hands.
First Pronous died beneath his fiery dart,
Which pierc'd below the shield his valiant heart. /
Thestor was next, who saw the chief appear,
And fell the victim of his coward fear ;
Shrunk up he sat, with wild and haggard eye,
Nor stood to combat, nor had force to fly :
Patroclus mark'd him as he shunn'd the war,
And with unmanly tremblings shook the car,
And dropp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt the jaws
The javelin sticks, and from the chariot draws.
As on a rock that overhangs the main,
An angler, studious of the line and cane,
Some mighty fish draws panting to the shore :
Not with less ease the barbed javelin bore
The gaping dastard ; as the spear was shook,
He fell, and life his heartless breast forsook.

Next on Eryalus he flies ; a stone,
Large as a rock, was by his fury thrown :
Full on his crown the ponderous fragment flew,
And burst the helm, and cleft the head in two :
Prone to the ground the breathless warrior fell,
And death involv'd him with the shades of hell.
Then low in dust Epaltes, Echius, lie ;
Ipheas, Evippus, Polynielus, die ;
Amphoterus and Erymas succeed ;
And last Tlepolemus and Pyres bleed.
Where'er he moves, the glowing slaughters spread
In heaps on heaps ; a monument of dead.

When now Sarpedon his brave friends beheld
Groveling in dust, and gasping on the field,
With this reproach his flying host he warms :
' O stain to honour ! oh disgrace to arms !
Forsake, inglorious, the contended plain ;
This hand, unaided, shall the war sustain :
The task be mine, this hero's strength to try,
Who mows whole troops, and makes an army fly.'

He spake ; and, speaking, leaps from off the car :
Patroclus lights, and sternly waits the war.
As when two vultures on the mountain's height
Stoop with resounding pinions to the fight ;
They cuff, they tear, they raise a screaming cry ;
The desert echoes, and the rocks reply :
The warriors thus oppos'd in arms, engage
With equal clamours, and with equal rage.

Jove view'd the combat ; whose event foreseen,
He thus bespoke his sister and his queen :
' The hour draws on ; the destinies ordain,
My godlike son shall press the Phrygian plain :
Already on the verge of death he stands,
His life is ow'd to fierce Patroclus' hands.

What passions in a parent's breast debate !
Say, shall I snatch him from impending fate,
And send him safe to Lycia, distant far
From all the dangers and the toils of war ;
Or to his doom my bravest offspring yield,
And fatten, with celestial blood, the field ?

Then thus the goddess with the radiant eyes :
' What words are these ? O sovereign of the skies !
Short is the date prescrib'd to mortal man ;
Shall Jove, for one, extend the narrow span, }
Whose bounds were fix'd before his race began ? }
How many sons of gods, foredoom'd to death,
Before proud Ilium, must resign their breath !
Were thine exempt, debate would rise above,
And murmuring powers condemn their partial Jove.
Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight ;
And when the' ascending soul has wing'd her flight,
Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy command,
The breathless body to his native land.
His friends and people, to his future praise,
A marble tomb and pyramid shall raise,
And lasting honours to his ashes give ;
His fame ('tis all the dead can have) shall live.'

She said : the cloud-compeller, overcome,
Assents to fate, and ratifies the doom.
Then touch'd with grief, the weeping heavens distill'd
A shower of blood o'er all the fatal field :
The god, his eyes averting from the plain, }
Laments his son, predestin'd to be slain, }
Far from the Lycian shores, his happy native reign. }

Now met in arms, the combatants appear,
Each heav'd the shield, and pois'd the lifted spear :
From strong Patroclus' hand the javelin fled,
And pass'd the groin of valiant Thrasymed ;

The nerves unbrae'd no more his bulk sustain,
He falls, and falling bites the bloody plain.
Two sounding darts the Lycian leader threw ;
The first aloof with erring fury flew,
The next transpierc'd Achilles' mortal steed,
The generous Pedasus of Theban breed,
Fix'd in the shoulder's joint ; he reel'd around,
Roll'd in the bloody dust, and paw'd the slippery
ground.

His sudden fall the' entangled harness broke ;
Each axle crackled, and the chariot shook :
When bold Automedon, to disengage
The starting coursers, and restrain their rage,
Divides the traces with his sword, and freed
The' incumber'd chariot from the dying steed :
The rest move on, obedient to the rein ;
The car rolls slowly o'er the dusty plain.

The towering chiefs to fiercer fight advance ;
And first Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance,
Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,
And spent in empty air its dying force.
Not so Patroclus' never-erring dart ;
Aim'd at his breast, it pierc'd the mortal part,
Where the strong fibres bind the solid heart. }
Then, as the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine (fit mast for some great admiral)
Nods to the axe, till with a groaning sound
It sinks, and spreads its honours on the ground :
Thus fell the king ; and laid on earth supine,
Before his chariot stretch'd his form divine :
He grasp'd the dust distain'd with streaming gore,
And, pale in death, lay groaning on the shore,
So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws,
While the grim savage grinds with foamy jaws

The trembling limbs, and sucks the smoking blood;
Deep groans, and hollow roars, rebellow through
the wood.

Then to the leader of the Lycian band
The dying chief address'd his last command;
'Glaucus, be bold; thy task be first to dare
The glorious dangers of destructive war,
To lead my troops, to combat at their head,
Incite the living, and supply the dead.
Tell 'em, I charg'd them with my latest breath
Not unreveng'd to bear Sarpedon's death.
What grief, what shame, must Glaucus undergo,
If these spoil'd arms adorn a Grecian foe!
Then as a friend, and as a warrior, fight;
Defend my body, conquer in my right;
That, taught by great examples, all may try
Like thee to vanquish, or like me to die.' [breath,

He ceas'd; the fates suppress'd his labouring
And his eyes darken'd with the shades of death.
The' insulting victor with disdain bestrode
The prostrate prince, and on his bosom trod;
Then drew the weapon from his panting heart,
The reeking fibres clinging to the dart;
From the wide wound gush'd out a stream of blood,
And the soul issued in the purple flood.
His flying steeds the Myrmidons detain,
Unguided now, their mighty master slain.
All-impotent of aid, transfix'd with grief,
Unhappy Glaucus heard the dying chief:
His painful arm, yet useless with the smart
Inflicted late by Teucer's deadly dart,
Supported on his better hand he stay'd
To Phœbus then ('twas all he could) he pray'd:
'All-seeing monarch! whether Lycia's coast,
Or sacred Ilion, thy bright presence boast,

Powerful alike to ease the wretch's smart ;
O hear me ! god of every healing art !
Lo ! stiff with clotted blood, and pierc'd with pain,
That thrills my arm, and shoots through every vein,
I stand unable to sustain the spear,
And sigh, at distance from the glorious war.
Low in the dust is great Sarpedon laid,
Nor Jove vouchsaf'd his hapless offspring aid,
But thou, O god of health ! thy succour lend,
To guard the reliques of my slaughter'd friend :
For thou, though distant, canst restore my might,
To head my Lycians, and support the fight.

Apollo heard ; and, suppliant as he stood,
His heavenly hand restrain'd the flux of blood :
He drew the dolours from the wounded part,
And breath'd a spirit in his rising heart.
Renew'd by art divine, the hero stands,
And owns the assistance of immortal hands.
First to the fight his native troops he warms,
Then loudly calls on Troy's vindictive arms ;
With ample strides he stalks from place to place ;
Now fires Agenor, now Polydamas ;
Æneas next, and Hector he accosts ;
Inflaming thus the rage of all their hosts.

' What thoughts, regardless chief ! thy breast
Oh too forgetful of the friends of Troy ! [employ ?
Those generous friends, who, from their country far,
Breathe their brave souls out in another's war.
See ! where in dust the great Sarpedon lies,
In action valiant, and in council wise,
Who guarded right, and kept his people free ;
To all his Lycians lost, and lost to thee !
Stretch'd by Patroclus' arm on yonder plains,
O save from hostile rage his lov'd remains !

Ah let not Greece his conquer'd trophies boast,
Nor on his corse revenge her heroes lost !

He spoke ; each leader in his grief partook ;
Troy, at the loss, through all her legions shook.
Transfix'd with deep regret, they view o'erthrown
At once his country's pillar, and their own ;
A chief, who led to Troy's beleagu'r'd wall
A host of heroes, and outshin'd them all.
Fir'd, they rush on ; first Hector seeks the foes,
And with superior vengeance greatly glows.

But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus stands,
And rousing Ajax, rous'd the listening bands.

'Heroes, be men ! be what you were before ;
Or weigh the great occasion, and be more.
The chief who taught our lofty walls to yield
Lies pale in death, extended on the field.
To guard his body Troy in numbers flies ;
'Tis half the glory to maintain our prize.
Haste, strip his arms, the slaughter round him spread,
And send the living Lycians to the dead.'

The heroes kindle at his fierce command :
The martial squadrons close on either hand :
Here Troy and Lycia charge with loud alarms,
Thessalia there, and Greece, oppose their arms.
With horrid shouts they circle round the slain ;
The clash of armour rings o'er all the plain.
Great Jove, to swell the horrors of the fight,
O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious night,
And round his son confounds the warring hosts,
His fate ennobling with a crowd of ghosts.

Now Greece gives way, and great Epigeus falls ;
Agacleus' son, from Budium's lofty walls ;
Who chas'd for murder thence, a suppliant came.
To Peleus, and the silver-footed dame ;

Now sent to Troy, Achilles' arms to aid,
He pays due vengeance to his kinsman's shade.
Soon as his luckless hand had touch'd the dead,
A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his head ;
Hurl'd by Hectorean force, it cleft in twain
His shatter'd helm, and stretch'd him o'er the slain.

Fierce to the van of fight Patroclus came ;
And, like an eagle darting at his game,
Sprung on the Trojan and the Lycian band.
What grief thy heart, what fury urg'd thy hand,
O generous Greek ! when with full vigour thrown,
At Sthenelaüs flew the weighty stone,
Which sunk him to the dead : when Troy, too near
That arm, drew back ; and Hector learn'd to fear.
Far as an able hand a lance can throw,
Or at the lists, or at the fighting foe ;
So far the Trojans from their lines retir'd ;
Till Glaucus, turning, all the rest inspir'd.
Then Bathyclæus fell beneath his rage,
The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age :
Wide o'er the land was stretch'd his large domain,
With stately seats, and riches, bless'd in vain :
Him, bold with youth, and eager to pursue
The flying Lycians, Glaucus met, and slew ;
Pierc'd through the bosom with a sudden wound,
He fell, and, falling, made the fields resound.
The' Achaians sorrow for their hero slain ;
With conquering shouts the Trojans shake the plain,
And crowd to spoil the dead : the Greeks oppose ;
An iron circle round the carcase grows.

Then brave Laogonus resign'd his breath,
Dispatch'd by Merion to the shades of death :
On Ida's holy hill he made abode,
The priest of Jove, and honour'd like his god.

Between the jaw and ear the javelin went;
The soul, exhaling, issued at the vent.
His spear Æneas at the victor threw,
Who stooping forward from the death withdrew;
The lance hiss'd harmless o'er his covering shield,
And trembling struck, and rooted in the field;
There yet scarce spent, it quivers on the plain,
Sent by the great Æneas' arm in vain.

' Swift as thou art (the raging hero cries)
And skill'd in dancing to dispute the prize,
My spear, the destin'd passage had it found,
Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground.'

' O valiant leader of the Dardan host!
(Insulted Merion thus retorts the boast)
Strong as you are, 'tis mortal force you trust,
An arm as strong may stretch thee in the dust.
And if to this my lance thy fate be given,
Vain are thy vaunts; success is still from Heaven:
This, instant, sends thee down to Pluto's coast;
Mine is the glory, his thy parting ghost.'

' O friend (Menœtius' son this answer gave)
With words to combat, ill befits the brave;
Not empty boasts the sons of Troy repel,
Your swords must plunge them to the shades of hell.
To speak, beseems the council; but to dare
In glorious action, is the task of war.'

This said, Patroclus to the battle flies;
Great Merion follows, and new shouts arise:
Shields, helmets rattle, as the warriors close;
And thick and heavy sounds the storm of blows.
As through the shrilling vale, or mountain ground,
The labours of the woodman's axe resound;
Blows following blows are heard re-echoing wide,
While crackling forests fall on every side:

Thus echoed all the fields with loud alarms,
So fell the warriors, and so rung their arms.

Now great Sarpedon on the sandy shore,
His heavenly form defac'd with dust and gore,
And stuck with darts by warring heroes shed,
Lies undistinguish'd from the vulgar dead.
His long-disputed corse the chiefs inclose,
On every side the busy combat grows ;
Thick as beneath some shepherd's thatch'd abode
(The pails high foaming with a milky flood)
The buzzing flies, a persevering train,
Incessant swarm, and chas'd return again.

Jove view'd the combat with a stern survey,
And eyes that flash'd intolerable day,
Fix'd on the field his sight, his breast debates
The vengeance due, and meditates the fates :
Whether to urge their prompt effect, and call
The force of Hector to Patroclus' fall,
This instant see his short-liv'd trophies won,
And stretch him breathless on his slaughter'd son ;
Or yet, with many a soul's untimely flight,
Augment the fame and horror of the fight.
To crown Achilles' valiant friend with praise
At length he dooms ; and, that his last of days
Shall set in glory, bids him drive the foe ;
Nor unattended see the shades below.
Then Hector's mind he fills with dire dismay ;
He mounts his car, and calls his hosts away,
Sunk with Troy's heavy fates, he sees decline
The scales of Jove, and pants with awe divine.

Then, nor before, the hardy Lycians fled,
And left their monarch with the common dead ;
Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall
Of carnage rises, as the heroes fall,

(So Jove decreed!) At length the Greeks obtain
The prize contested, and despoil the slain.
The radiant arms are by Patroclus borne ;
Patroclus' ships the glorious spoils adorn.

Then thus to Phœbus, in the realms above,
Spoke from his throne the cloud-compelling Jove.
' Descend, my Phœbus ! on the Phrygian plain,
And from the fight convey Sarpedon slain ;
Then bathe his body in the crystal flood,
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with blood ;
O'er all his limbs ambrosial odours shed,
And with celestial robes adorn the dead.
Those rites discharg'd, his sacred corse bequeath
To the soft arms of silent Sleep and Death.
They to his friends the mournful charge shall bear ;
His friends a tomb and pyramid shall rear ;
What honours mortals after death receive,
Those unavailing honours we may give !'
Apollo bows, and from mount Ida's height,
Swift to the field precipitates his flight ;
Thence from the war the breathless hero bore,
Veil'd in a cloud, to silver Simoïs' shore ;
There bath'd his honourable wounds, and dress'd
His manly members in the immortal vest ;
And with perfumes of sweet ambrosial dews
Restores his freshness, and his form renews.
Then Sleep and Death, two twins of winged race,
Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace,
Receiv'd Sarpedon, at the god's command,
And in a moment reach'd the Lycian land ;
The corse amidst his weeping friends they laid,
Where endless honours wait the sacred shade.

Meanwhile Patroclus pours along the plains,
With foaming coursers, and with loosen'd reins.

Fierce on the Trojan and the Lycian crew,
Ah blind to fate ! thy headlong fury flew :
Against what fate and powerful Jove ordain,
Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain :
For he, the god, whose counsels uncontroll'd
Dismay the mighty, and confound the bold ;
The god who gives, resumes, and orders all,
He urg'd thee on, and urg'd thee on to fall.

Who first, brave hero ! by that arm was slain,
Who last beneath thy vengeance press'd the plain ;
When Heaven itself thy fatal fury led,
And call'd to fill the number of the dead ?
Adrestus first ; Autonous then succeeds ;
Echeclus follows ; next young Megas bleeds ;
Epistor, Melanippus, bite the ground ;
The slaughter, Elusus and Mulius crown'd :
Then sunk Pylartes to eternal night ;
The rest, dispersing, trust their fates to flight.

Now Troy had stoop'd beneath his matchless
But flaming Phœbus kept the sacred tower. [power,
Thrice at the battlements Patroclus strook ;
His blazing ægis thrice Apollo shook :
He tried the fourth ; when, bursting from the cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud.

‘ Patroclus ! cease ; this Heaven-defended wall
Defies thy lance ; not fated yet to fall ;
Thy friend, thy greater far, it shall withstand,
Troy shall not stoop e'en to Achilles' hand.’

So spoke the god who darts celestial fires ;
The Greek obeys him, and with awe retires :
While Hector, checking at the Scæan gates
His panting coursers, in his breast debates,
Or in the field his forces to employ,
Or draw the troops within the walls of Troy.

Thus while he thought, beside him Phœbus stood,
In Asius' shape, who reign'd by Sangar's flood ;
(Thy brother, Hecuba ! from Dymas sprung,
A valiant warrior, haughty, bold, and young)
Thus he accosts him : ' What a shameful sight !
Gods ! is it Hector that forbears the fight ?
Were thine my vigour, this successful spear
Should soon convince thee of so false a fear.
Turn thee, ah turn thee to the field of fame,
And in Patroclus' blood efface thy shame.
Perhaps Apollo shall thy arms succeed,
And heaven ordains him by thy lance to bleed.'

So spoke the' inspiring god ; then took his flight,
And plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight.
He bids Cebriion drive the rapid car ;
The lash resounds, the coursers rush to war.
The god the Grecians' sinking souls depress'd,
And pour'd swift spirits through each Trojan breast.
Patroclus lights, impatient for the fight ;
A spear his left, a stone employs his right :
With all his nerves he drives it at the foe ;
Pointed above, and rough and gross below :
The falling ruin crush'd Cebriion's head,
The lawless offspring of king Priam's bed ;
His front, brows, eyes, one undistinguish'd wound :
The bursting balls drop sightless to the ground.
The charioteer, while yet he held the rein,
Struck from the car, falls headlong on the plain.
To the dark shades the soul unwilling glides,
While the proud victor thus his fall derides.

' Good heavens ! what active feats yon artist shows !
What skilful divers are our Phrygian foes !
Mark with what ease they sink into the sand !
Pity ! that all their practice is by land.'

Then rushing sudden on his prostrate prize,
To spoil the carcase fierce Patroclus flies :
Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,
That sweeps the fields, depopulates the fold ;
Pierc'd through the dauntless heart, then tumbles
slain,

And from his fatal courage finds his bane.
At once bold Hector leaping from his car,
Defends the body, and provokes the war.
Thus for some slaughter'd hind, with equal rage,
Two lordly rulers of the wood engage ;
Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades,
And echoing roars rebellow through the shades.
Stern Hector fastens on the warrior's head,
And by the foot Patroclus drags the dead :
While all around, confusion, rage, and fright,
Mix the contending hosts in mortal fight.
So pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud
In the deep bosom of some gloomy wood ;
Leaves, arms, and trees, aloft in air are blown,
The broad oaks crackle, and the silvans groan ;
This way and that, the rattling thicket bends,
And the whole forest in one crash descends.
Not with less noise, with less tumultuous rage,
In dreadful shock the mingled hosts engage.
Darts shower'd on darts, now round the carcase ring ;
Now flights of arrows bounding from the string :
Stones follow stones ; some clatter on the fields,
Some hard, and heavy, shake the sounding shields.
But where the rising whirlwind clouds the plains, }
Sunk in soft dust the mighty chief remains, }
And, stretch'd in death, forgets the guiding reins ! }
Now flaming from the zenith, Sol had driven
His fervid orb through half the vault of heaven ;

While on each host with equal tempest fell
The showering darts, and numbers sunk to hell.
But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,
Glad conquest rested on the Grecian train.
Then from amidst the tumult and alarms,
They draw the conquer'd corse, and radiant arms.
Then rash Patroclus with new fury glows,
And breathing slaughter, pours amid the foes.
Thrice on the press like Mars himself he flew,
And thrice three heroes at each onset slew.
There ends thy glory! there the fates untwine
The last, black, remnant of so bright a line:
Apollo dreadful stops thy middle way;
Death calls, and heaven allows no longer day!

For lo! the god in dusky clouds enshrin'd,
Approaching dealt a staggering blow behind.
The weighty shock his neck and shoulders feel;
His eyes flash sparkles, his stunn'd senses reel
In giddy darkness: far to distance flung,
His bounding helmet on the champain rung.
Achilles' plume is stain'd with dust and gore;
That plume which never stoop'd to earth before;
Long us'd, untouch'd, in fighting fields to shine,
And shade the temples of the man divine.
Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod;
Not long—for fate pursues him, and the god.

His spear in shivers falls: his ample shield
Drops from his arm: his baldric strows the field:
The corselet his astonish'd breast forsakes:
Loose is each joint; each nerve with horror shakes.
Stupid he stares, and all-assistless stands:
Such is the force of more than mortal hands!

A Dardan youth there was, well known to fame,
From Panthus sprung, Euphorbus was his name;

Fam'd for the manage of the foaming horse,
Skill'd in the dart, and matchless in the course :
Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car
While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war.
His venturous spear first drew the hero's gore ;
He struck, he wounded, but he durst no more ;
Nor, though disarm'd, Patroclus' fury stood :
But swift withdrew the long-protended wood,
And turn'd him short, and herded in the crowd. }
Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal spear,
Wounded at once, Patroclus yields to fear,
Retires for succour to his social train,
And flies the fate, which heaven decreed, in vain.
Stern Hector, as the bleeding chief he views,
Breaks through the ranks, and his retreat pursues :
The lance arrests him with a mortal wound ;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.
With him all Greece was sunk ; that moment all
Her yet-surviving heroes seem'd to fall.
So scorch'd with heat, along the desert shore,
The roaming lion meets a bristly boar,
Fast by the spring ; they both dispute the flood,
With flaming eyes, and jaws besmear'd with blood ;
At length the sovereign savage wins the strife,
And the torn boar resigns his thirst and life.
Patroclus thus, so many chiefs o'erthrown,
So many lives effus'd, expires his own.
As dying now at Hector's feet he lies,
He sternly views him, and triumphing cries :
 ' Lie there, Patroclus ! and with thee, the joy
Thy pride once promis'd, of subverting Troy ;
The fancied scenes of Ilion wrapt in flames,
And thy soft pleasures serv'd with captive dames !
Unthinking man ! I fought, those towers to free,
And guard that beauteous race from lords like thee :

But thou a prey to vultures shalt be made ;
Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid ;
Though much at parting that great chief might say,
And much enjoin thee, this important day.

“ Return not, my brave friend (perhaps she said) }
Without the bloody arms of Hector dead.” }
He spoke, Patroclus march'd, and thus he sped. }

Supine, and wildly gazing on the skies,
With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies :
‘ Vain boaster! cease, and know the powers
divine !

Jove's and Apollo's is this deed, not thine ;
To heaven is ow'd whate'er your own you call,
And heaven itself disarm'd me ere my fall.
Had twenty mortals, each thy match in might,
Oppos'd me fairly, they had sunk in fight :
By fate and Phœbus was I first o'erthrown,
Euphorbus next ; the third mean part thy own.
But thou, imperious ! hear my latest breath ;
The gods inspire it, and it sounds thy death :
Insulting man, thou shalt be soon, as I ;
Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws nigh ;
E'en now on life's last verge I see thee stand,
I see thee fall, and by Achilles' hand.'

He faints ; the soul unwilling wings her way,
(The beauteous body left a load of clay)
Flits to the lone, uncomfortable coast ;
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost !

Then Hector pausing, as his eyes he fed
On the pale carcase, thus address'd the dead :
‘ From whence this boding speech, the stern decree
Of death denounc'd, or why denounc'd to me ?
Why not as well Achilles' fate be given
To Hector's lance? Who knows the will of heaven?’

Pensive he said ; then pressing as he lay
His breathless bosom, tore the lance away ;
And upwards cast the corpse : the reeking spear
He shakes, and charges the bold charioteer.
But swift Automedon with loosen'd reins
Rapt in the chariot o'er the distant plains,
Far from his rage the' immortal coursers drove ;
The' immortal coursers were the gift of Jove.

THE
SEVENTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE SEVENTH BATTLE, FOR THE BODY OF PATROCLUS : THE ACTS OF MENELAUS.

MENELAUS, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy : Euphorbus, who attempts it, is slain. Hector advancing, Menelaüs retires ; but soon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. This Glaucus objects to Hector as a flight, who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from Patroclus, and renews the battle. The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them : Æneas sustains the Trojans. Æneas and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon. The horses of Achilles deplore the loss of Patroclus : Jupiter covers his body with a thick darkness : the noble prayer of Ajax on that occasion. Menelaüs sends Antilochus to Achilles, with the news of Patroclus's death : then returns to the fight, where, though attacked with the utmost fury, he and Meriones, assisted by the Ajaxes, bear off the body to the ships.

The time is the evening of the eight-and-twentieth day. The scene lies in the fields before Troy.

THE
ILIAD.

BOOK XVII.

ON the cold earth divine Patroclus spread,
Lies pierc'd with wounds among the vulgar dead.
Great Menelaüs, touch'd with generous woe,
Springs to the front, and guards him from the foe.
Thus round her new-fall'n young the heifer moves,
Fruit of her throes, and first-born of her loves ;
And anxious, (helpless as he lies, and bare)
Turns, and re-turns her, with a mother's care.
Oppos'd to each that near the carcase came,
His broad shield glimmers, and his lances flame.

The son of Panthus, skill'd the dart to send,
Eyes the dead hero, and insults the friend.

' This hand, Atrides, laid Patroclus low ;
Warrior ! desist, nor tempt an equal blow :
To me the spoils my prowess won, resign :
Depart with life, and leave the glory mine.'

The Trojan thus : the Spartan monarch burn'd
With generous anguish, and in scorn return'd :
' Laugh'st thou not, Jove ! from thy superior throne,
When mortals boast of prowess not their own ?
Not thus the lion glories in his might,
Nor panther braves his spotted foe in fight,

Nor thus the boar (those terrors of the plain);
Man only vaunts his force, and vaunts in vain.
But far the vainest of the boastful kind
These sons of Panthus vent their haughty mind.
Yet 'twas but late, beneath my conquering steel
This boaster's brother, Hyperenor, fell;
Against our arm which rashly he defied,
Vain was his vigour, and as vain his pride.
These eyes beheld him on the dust expire,
No more to cheer his spouse, or glad his sire.
Presumptuous youth! like his shall be thy doom,
Go, wait thy brother to the Stygian gloom;
Or, while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate;
Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.'

Unmov'd, Euphorbus thus: 'That action known,
Come, for my brother's blood repay thy own.
His weeping father claims thy destin'd head,
And spouse, a widow in her bridal bed.
On these thy conquer'd spoils I shall bestow,
To sooth a consort's and a parent's woe.
No longer then defer the glorious strife,
Let heaven decide our fortune, fame, and life.'

Swift as the word the missile lance he flings;
The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings,
But blunted by the brass, innoxious falls.
On Jove the father, great Atrides calls,
Nor flies the javelin from his arm in vain,
It pierc'd his throat, and bent him to the plain;
Wide through the neck appears the grisly wound,
Prone sinks the warrior, and his arms resound.
The shining circlets of his golden hair,
Which e'en the Graces might be proud to wear,
Instarr'd with gems and gold, bestrow the shore,
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore.

As the young olive, in some sylvan scene,
Crown'd by fresh fountains with eternal green,
Lifts the gay head, in snowy flowrets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air ;
When lo ! a whirlwind from high heaven invades
The tender plant, and withers all its shades ;
It lies uprooted from its genial bed,
A lovely ruin now defac'd and dead :
Thus young, thus beautiful, Euphorbus lay,
While the fierce Spartan tore his arms away.
Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize,
Affrighted Troy the towering victor flies :
Flies, as before some mountain lion's ire
The village curs and trembling swains retire,
When o'er the slaughter'd bull they hear him roar,
And see his jaws distil with smoking gore :
All pale with fear, at distance scatter'd round,
They shout incessant, and the vales resound.

Meanwhile Apollo view'd with envious eyes,
And urg'd great Hector to dispute the prize ;
(In *Mentes*' shape, beneath whose martial care
The rough *Ciconians* learn'd the trade of war)
' Forbear, (he cried,) with fruitless speed to chase
Achilles' coursers, of ethereal race ;
They stoop not, these, to mortal man's command,
Or stoop to none but great *Achilles*' hand,
Too long amus'd with a pursuit so vain,
Turn, and behold the brave *Euphorbus* slain ;
By *Sparta* slain ! for ever now suppress'd
The fire which burn'd in that undaunted breast !

Thus having spoke, Apollo wing'd his flight,
And mix'd with mortals in the toils of fight :
His words infix'd unutterable care
Deep in great *Hector*'s soul : through all the war

He darts his anxious eye ; and, instant, view'd
The breathless hero in his blood imbrued,
(Forth welling from the wound, as prone he lay)
And in the victor's hands the shining prey. [flies
Sheath'd in bright arms, through cleaving ranks he
And sends his voice in thunder to the skies :
Fierce as a flood of flame by Vulcan sent,
It flew, and fir'd the nations as it went.
Atrides from the voice the storm divin'd,
And thus explor'd his own unconquer'd mind :

‘ Then shall I quit Patroclus on the plain,
Slain in my cause, and for my honour slain !
Desert the arms, the reliques, of my friend ?
Or singly, Hector and his troops attend ?
Sure where such partial favour heaven bestow'd,
To brave the hero were to brave the god :
Forgive me, Greece, if once I quit the field ;
'Tis not to Hector, but to heaven I yield.
Yet, nor the god, nor heaven, should give me fear,
Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear :
Still would we turn, still battle on the plains,
And give Achilles all that yet remains
Of his and our Patroclus—This, no more,
The time allow'd : Troy thicken'd on the shore,
A sable scene ! The terrors Hector led.
Slow he recedes, and sighing quits the dead.

So from the fold the unwilling lion parts,
Forc'd by loud clamours, and a storm of darts ;
He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,
With heart indignant and retorted eyes.
Now enter'd in the Spartan ranks, he turn'd
His manly breast, and with new fury burn'd,
O'er all the black battalions sent his view,
And through the cloud the godlike Ajax knew ;

Where labouring on the left the warrior stood,
All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood ;
There breathing courage, where the god of day
Had sunk each heart with terror and dismay.

To him the king : ' Oh Ajax, oh my friend !
Haste, and Patroclus' lov'd remains defend :
The body to Achilles to restore,
Demands our care ; alas, we can no more !
For naked now, despoil'd of arms, he lies ;
And Hector glories in the dazzling prize.'
He said, and touch'd his heart. The raging pair
Pierce the thick battle, and provoke the war.
Already had stern Hector seiz'd his head,
And doom'd to Trojan dogs the' unhappy dead ;
But soon as Ajax rear'd his tower-like shield,
Sprung to his car, and measur'd back the field.
His train to Troy the radiant armour bear,
To stand a trophy of his fame in war.

Meanwhile great Ajax (his broad shield display'd)
Guards the dead hero with the dreadful shade ;
And now before, and now behind he stood :
Thus in the centre of some gloomy wood,
With many a step, the lioness surrounds
Her tawny young, beset by men and hounds ;
Elate her heart, and rousing all her pow'rs,
Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eyebrow lours.
Fast by his side the generous Spartan glows
With great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.

But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian aids,
On Hector frowning, thus his flight upbraids :
' Where now in Hector shall we Hector find ?
A manly form, without a manly mind.
Is this, O chief ! a hero's boasted fame ?
How vain, without the merit, is the name !

Since battle is renounc'd, thy thoughts employ
What other methods may preserve thy Troy :
'Tis time to try if Ilion's state can stand
By thee alone, nor ask a foreign hand :
Mean, empty boast ! but shall the Lycians stake
Their lives for you ? those Lycians you forsake ?
What from thy thankless arms can we expect ?
Thy friend Sarpedon proves thy base neglect :
Say, shall our slaughter'd bodies guard your walls,
While unreveng'd the great Sarpedon falls ?
E'en where he died for Troy, you left him there,
A feast for dogs, and all the fowls of air.
On my command if any Lycian wait,
Hence let him march, and give up Troy to fate,
Did such a spirit as the gods impart
Impel one Trojan hand or Trojan heart,
(Such as should burn in every soul that draws
The sword for glory, and his country's cause)
E'en yet our mutual arms we might employ,
And drag yon carcase to the walls of Troy.
Oh ! were Patroclus ours, we might obtain
Sarpedon's arms and honour'd corpse again !
Greece with Achilles' friend should be repaid,
And thus due honours purchas'd to his shade.
But words are vain—Let Ajax once appear,
And Hector trembles and recedes with fear ;
'Thou dar'st not meet the terrors of his eye ;
And lo ! already thou prepar'st to fly.'

The Trojan chief with fix'd resentment eyed
The Lycian leader, and sedate replied :

' Say, is it just, my friend, that Hector's ear
From such a warrior such a speech should hear ?
I deem'd thee once the wisest of thy kind,
But ill this insult suits a prudent mind,

I shun great Ajax? I desert my train?
'Tis mine to prove the rash assertion vain;
I joy to mingle where the battle bleeds,
And hear the thunder of the sounding steeds.
But Jove's high will is ever uncontroll'd,
The strong he withers, and confounds the bold;
Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and now
Strikes the fresh garland from the victor's brow!
Come, through yon squadrons let us hew the way,
And thou be witness, if I fear to-day;
If yet a Greek the sight of Hector dread,
Or yet their hero dare defend the dead.'

Then turning to the martial hosts, he cries:
'Ye Trojans, Dardans, Lycians, and allies!
Be men, my friends, in action as in name,
And yet be mindful of your ancient fame.
Hector in proud Achilles' arms shall shine,
Torn from his friend, by right of conquest mine.'

He strode along the field, as thus he said:
(The sable plumage nodded o'er his head)
Swift through the spacious plain he sent a look;
One instant saw, one instant overtook
The distant band, that on the sandy shore
The radiant spoils to sacred Ilium bore.
There his own mail unbrac'd the field bestrow'd;
His train to Troy convey'd the massy load.
Now blazing in the immortal arms he stands;
The work and present of celestial hands;
By aged Peleus to Achilles given,
As first to Peleus by the court of heaven:
His father's arms not long Achilles wears,
Forbid by fate to reach his father's years.

Him, proud in triumph, glittering from afar,
The god whose thunder rends the troubled air

Beheld with pity; as apart he sat,
And, conscious, look'd through all the scene of fate.
He shook the sacred honours of his head;
Olympus trembled, and the godhead said:

‘ Ah, wretched man! unmindful of thy end!
A moment's glory! and what fates attend!
In heavenly panoply divinely bright
Thou stand'st, and armies tremble at thy sight,
As at Achilles' self! beneath thy dart
Lies slain the great Achilles' dearer part:
Thou from the mighty dead those arms hast torn,
Which once the greatest of mankind had worn.
Yet live! I give thee one illustrious day,
A blaze of glory ere thou fad'st away.
For ah! no more Andromachè shall come
With joyful tears to welcome Hector home;
No more officious, with endearing charms,
From thy tir'd limbs unbrace Pelides' arms!

Then with his sable brow he gave the nod
That seals his word; the sanction of the god.
The stubborn arms (by Jove's command dispos'd)
Conform'd spontaneous, and around him clos'd:
Fill'd with the god, enlarg'd his members grew,
Through all his veins a sudden vigour flew,
The blood in brisker tides began to roll,
And Mars himself came rushing on his soul.
Exhorting loud through all the field he strode,
And look'd, and mov'd, Achilles, or a god.
Now Mesthes, Glaucus, Medon, he inspires,
Now Phorcys, Chromius, and Hippothous fires;
The great Thersilochus like fury found,
Asteropæus kindled at the sound,
And Ennomus, in augury renown'd. }
‘ Hear, all ye hosts, and hear, unnumber'd bands
Of neighbouring nations, or of distant lands!

'Twas not for state we summon'd you so far,
To boast our numbers, and the pomp of war :
Ye came to fight ; a valiant foe to chase,
To save our present, and our future race.
For this, our wealth, our products, you enjoy,
And glean the relics of exhausted Troy.
Now, then, to conquer or to die prepare ;
To die or conquer are the terms of war.
Whatever hand shall win Patroclus slain,
Whoe'er shall drag him to the Trojan train,
With Hector's self shall equal honours claim ;
With Hector part the spoil, and share the fame.'

Fir'd by his words, the troops dismiss their fears,
They join, they thicken, they protend their spears ;
Full on the Greeks they drive in firm array,
And each from Ajax hopes the glorious prey :
Vain hope ! what numbers shall the field o'erspread,
What victims perish round the mighty dead !

Great Ajax mark'd the growing storm from far,
And thus bespoke his brother of the war :
' Our fatal day, alas ! is come, my friend ;
And all our wars and glories at an end !
'Tis not this corse alone we guard in vain,
Condemn'd to vultures on the Trojan plain ;
We too must yield : the same sad fate must fall
On thee, on me, perhaps, my friend, on all.
See what a tempest direful Hector spreads,
And lo ! it bursts, it thunders on our heads !
Call on our Greeks, if any hear the call,
The bravest Greeks : this hour demands them all.'

The warrior rais'd his voice, and wide around
The field re-echoed the distressful sound.
' O chiefs ! O princes, to whose hand is given
The rule of men ; whose glory is from heaven !

Whom with due honours both Atrides' grace :
Ye guides and guardians of our Argive race !
All, whom this well-known voice shall reach from far,
All, whom I see not through this cloud of war ;
Come all ! let generous rage your arms employ,
And save Patroclus from the dogs of Troy.'

Oilean Ajax first the voice obey'd,
Swift was his pace, and ready was his aid ;
Next him Idomeneus, more slow with age,
And Merion, burning with a hero's rage.
The long-succeeding numbers who can name ?
But all were Greeks, and eager all for fame.
Fierce to the charge great Hector led the throng ;
Whole Troy embodied rush'd with shouts along.
Thus, when a mountain billow foams and raves,
Where some swoln river disembogues his waves,
Full in the mouth is stopp'd the rushing tide,
The boiling ocean works from side to side,
The river trembles to his utmost shore,
And distant rocks rebellow to the roar.

Nor less resolv'd, the firm Achaian band
With brazen shields in horrid circle stand.
Jove, pouring darkness o'er the mingled fight,
Conceals the warriors' shining helmets in night :
To him, the chief for whom the hosts contend
Had liv'd not hateful, for he liv'd a friend :
Dead he protects him with superior care,
Nor dooms his carcase to the birds of air.

The first attack the Grecians scarce sustain ;
Repuls'd, they yield ; the Trojans seize the slain :
Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on
By the swift rage of Ajax Telamon.
(Ajax to Peleus' son the second name,
In graceful stature next, and next in fame)

With headlong force the foremost ranks he tore ;
So through the thicket bursts the mountain boar,
And rudely scatters, far to distance round,
The frightened hunter and the baying hound.
The son of Lethus, brave Pelasgus' heir,
Hippothous, dragg'd the carcase through the war ;
The sinewy ancles bor'd, the feet he bound
With thongs inserted through the double wound :
Inevitable fate o'ertakes the deed ;
Doom'd by great Ajax' vengeful lance to bleed ;
It cleft the helmet's brazen cheeks in twain ;
The shatter'd crest, and horse-hair strow the plain :
With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground :
The brain comes gushing through the ghastly wound :
He drops Patroclus' foot, and o'er him spread
Now lies a sad companion of the dead :
Far from Larissa lies, his native air,
And ill requites his parent's tender care.
Lamented youth ! in life's first bloom he fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.

Once more at Ajax, Hector's javelin flies ;
The Grecian marking, as it cut the skies,
Shun'd the descending death ; which hissing on,
Stretch'd in the dust the great Iphytus' son,
Schedius the brave, of all the Phocian kind
The boldest warrior and the noblest mind :
In little Panopè, for strength renown'd,
He held his seat, and rul'd the realms around.
Plung'd in his throat, the weapon drank his blood,
And deep transpiercing through the shoulder stood ;
In clanging arms the hero fell, and all
The fields resounded with his weighty fall.

Phorcys, as slain Hippothous he defends,
The Telamonian lance his belly rends ;

The hollow armour burst before the stroke,
And through the wound the rushing entrails broke :
In strong convulsions panting on the sands
He lies, and grasps the dust with dying hands.

Struck at the sight, recede the Trojan train :
The shouting Argives strip the heroes slain.
And now had Troy, by Greece compell'd to yield,
Fled to her ramparts, and resign'd the field ;
Greece, in her native fortitude elate,
With Jove averse, had turn'd the scale of fate :
But Phœbus urg'd Æneas to the fight ;
He seem'd like aged Periphas to sight :
(A herald in Anchises' love grown old,
Rever'd for prudence, and with prudence bold).

Thus he—' What methods yet, O chief! remain,
To save your Troy, though heaven its fall ordain ?
'There have been heroes, who, by virtuous care,
By valour, numbers, and by arts of war,
Have forc'd the powers to spare a sinking state,
And gain'd at length the glorious odds of fate.
But you, when fortune smiles, when Jove declares
His partial favour, and assists your wars,
Your shameful efforts 'gainst yourselves employ,
And force the unwilling god to ruin Troy.'

Æneas through the form assum'd descries
The power conceal'd, and thus to Hector cries :
' Oh lasting shame ! to our own fears a prey,
We seek our ramparts, and desert the day.
A god, nor is he less, my bosom warms,
And tells me, Jove asserts the Trojan arms.'

He spoke, and foremost to the combat flew :
The bold example all his hosts pursue.
Then, first, Leocritus beneath him bled,
In vain belov'd by valiant Lycomedes ;

Who view'd his fall, and, grieving at the chance,
Swift to revenge it, sent his angry lance :
The whirling lance, with vigorous force address'd,
Descends, and pants in Apisaon's breast :
From rich Pæonia's vales the warrior came,
Next thee, Asteropeus ! in place and fame.
Asteropeus with grief beheld the slain,
And rush'd to combat, but he rush'd in vain :
Indissolubly firm, around the dead,
Rank within rank, on buckler buckler spread,
And hemm'd with bristled spears, the Grecians stood ;
A brazen bulwark, and an iron wood.
Great Ajax eyes them with incessant care,
And in an orb contracts the crowded war,
Close in their ranks commands to fight or fall,
And stands the centre and the soul of all :
Fix'd on the spot they war, and wounded, wound ;
A sanguine torrent steeps the reeking ground :
On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans bled,
And, thickening round them, rise the hills of dead.

Greece, in close order, and collected might,
Yet suffers least, and sways the wayering fight ;
Fierce as conflicting fires the combat burns,
And now it rises, now it sinks by turns.
In one thick darkness all the fight was lost ;
The sun, the moon, and all the' ethereal host
Seem'd as extinct : day ravish'd from their eyes,
And all heaven's splendours blotted from the skies.
Such o'er Patroclus' body hung the night,
The rest in sunshine fought, and open light ;
Unclouded there, the' aërial azure spread,
No vapour rested on the mountain's head,
The golden sun pour'd forth a stronger ray,
And all the broad expansion flam'd with day.

Dispers'd around the plain, by firs they fight,
And here and there the scatter'd arrows light :
But death and darkness o'er the carcase spread,
There burn'd the war, and there the mighty bled.

Meanwhile the sons of Nestor, in the rear,
(Their fellows routed) toss the distant spear,
And skirmish wide : so Nestor gave command,
When from the ships he sent the Pylian band.
The youthful brothers thus for fame contend,
Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend ;
In thought they view'd him still, with martial joy,
Glorious in arms, and dealing death to Troy.

But round the corse the heroes pant for breath,
And thick and heavy grows the work of death :
O'erlabour'd now, with dust, and sweat, and gore,
Their knees, their legs, their feet are cover'd o'er ;
Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds arise,
And carnage clogs their hands, and darkness fills
their eyes.

As when a slaughter'd bull's yet-reeking hide,
Strain'd with full force, and tugg'd from side to side,
The brawny curriers stretch ; and labour o'er
The' extended surface, drunk with fat and gore :
So tugging round the corpse both armies stood ;
The mangled body bath'd in sweat and blood :
While Greeks and Ilians equal strength employ,
Now to the ships to force it, now to Troy.
Not Pallas' self, her breast when fury warms,
Nor he whose anger sets the world in arms,
Could blame this scene ; such rage, such horror
reign'd ;

Such, Jove to honour the great dead ordain'd.

Achilles in his ships at distance lay,
Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day ;

He, yet unconscious of Patroclus' fall,
In dust extended under Ilion's wall,
Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain,
And for his wish'd return prepares in vain ;
Though well he knew, to make proud Ilion bend
Was more than heaven had destin'd to his friend,
Perhaps to him : this Thetis had reveal'd ;
The rest, in pity to her son, conceal'd.

Still rag'd the conflict round the hero dead,
And heaps on heaps by mutual wounds they bled.
' Curs'd be the man (ev'n private Greeks would say)
Who dares desert this well-disputed day !
First may the cleaving earth before our eyes
Gape wide, and drink our blood for sacrifice ;
First perish all, ere haughty Troy shall boast
We lost Patroclus, and our glory lost !

Thus they : while with one voice the Trojans said,
' Grant this day, Jove ! or heap us on the dead !'

Then clash their sounding arms ; the clangors rise,
And shake the brazen concave of the skies.

Meantime, at distance from the scene of blood,
The pensive steeds of great Achilles stood ;
Their godlike master slain before their eyes,
They wept, and shar'd in human miseries.
In vain Automedon now shakes the rein,
Now plies the lash, and soothes and threats in vain ;
Nor to the fight, nor Hellespont they go,
Restive they stood, and obstinate in woe :
Still as a tombstone, never to be mov'd,
On some good man or woman unprov'd
Lays its eternal weight ; or fix'd, as stands
A marble courser by the sculptor's hands,
Plac'd on the hero's grave. Along their face
The big round drops cours'd down with silent pace,

Conglobing on the dust. Their manes, that late
Circled their arched necks, and wav'd in state,
Trail'd on the dust beneath the yoke were spread,
And prone to earth was hung their languid head :
Nor Jove disdain'd to cast a pitying look,
While thus relenting to the steeds he spoke :

‘ Unhappy coursers of immortal strain !
Exempt from age, and deathless, now in vain ;
Did we your race on mortal man bestow,
Only, alas ! to share in mortal woe ?
For ah ! what is there, of inferior birth,
That breathes or creeps upon the dust of earth ;
What wretched creature of what wretched kind,
Than man more weak, calamitous, and blind ?
A miserable race ! but cease to mourn :
For not by you shall Priam's son be borne
High on the splendid car : one glorious prize
He rashly boasts : the rest our will denies.
Ourselves will swiftness to your nerves impart,
Ourselves with rising spirits swell your heart.
Automedon your rapid flight shall bear
Safe to the navy through the storm of war.
For yet 'tis given to Troy to ravage o'er
The field, and spread her slaughters to the shore ;
The sun shall see her conquer, till his fall
With sacred darkness shades the face of all.’

He said ; and breathing in the immortal horse
Excessive spirit, urg'd them to the course ;
From their high manes they shake the dust, and bear
The kindling chariot through the parted war :
So flies a vulture through the clamorous train
Of geese, that scream, and scatter round the plain.
From danger now with swiftest speed they flew,
And now to conquest with like speed pursue :

Sole in the seat the charioteer remains,
Now plies the javelin, now directs the reins :
Him brave Alcimedon beheld distress'd,
Approach'd the chariot, and the chief address'd :
‘ What god provokes thee rashly thus to dare,
Alone, unaided, in the thickest war?
Alas ! thy friend is slain, and Hector wields
Achilles' arms triumphant in the fields.

In happy time (the charioteer replies)
The bold Alcimedon now greets my eyes ;
No Greek like him the heavenly steeds restrains,
Or holds their fury in suspended reins :
Patroclus, while he liv'd, their rage could tame,
But now Patroclus is an empty name !
To thee I yield the seat, to thee resign
The ruling charge : the task of fight be mine.’

He said. Alcimedon, with active heat,
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the seat.
His friend descends. The chief of Troy descried,
And call'd Æneas fighting near his side.
‘ Lo, to my sight beyond our hope restor'd,
Achilles' car, deserted of its lord !
The glorious steeds our ready arms invite, [fight :
Scarce their weak drivers guide them through the
Can such opponents stand when we assail ?
Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail.’

The son of Venus to the counsel yields ;
Then o'er their backs they spread their solid shields ;
With brass refulgent the broad surface shin'd,
And thick bull-hides the spacious concave lin'd.
Them Chromius follows, Aretus succeeds ;
Each hopes the conquest of the lofty steeds :
In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,
In vain advance ! not fated to return.

Unmov'd, Automedon attends the fight,
Implores the' Eternal, and collects his might.
Then turning to his friend, with dauntless mind :
' Oh keep the foaming coursers close behind !
Full on my shoulders let their nostrils blow,
For hard the fight, determin'd is the foe ;
'Tis Hector comes ; and when he seeks the prize,
War knows no mean : he wins it or he dies.'

Then through the field he sends his voice aloud,
And calls the' Ajaces from the warring crowd,
With great Atrides. ' Hither turn (he said),
' Turn where distress demands immediate aid ;
' The dead, encircled by his friends, forego,
And save the living from a fiercer foe.
Unhelp'd we stand, unequal to engage
' The force of Hector, and Æneas' rage :
Yet mighty as they are, my force to prove
Is only mine : the' event belongs to Jove.'

He spoke, and high the sounding javelin flung,
Which pass'd the shield of Aretus the young :
It pierc'd his belt, emboss'd with curious art ;
Then in the lower belly stuck the dart.
As when a ponderous axe, descending full,
Cleaves the broad forehead of some brawny bull ;
Struck 'twixt the horns, he springs with many a bound,
Then tumbling rolls enormous on the ground :
Thus fell the youth ; the air his soul receiv'd,
And the spear trembled as his entrails heav'd.

Now at Automedon the Trojan foe
Discharg'd his lance ; the meditated blow,
Stooping, he shunn'd ; the javelin idly fled,
And hiss'd innoxious o'er the hero's head ;
Deep rooted in the ground, the forceful spear
In long vibrations spent its fury there.

With clashing falchions now the chiefs had clos'd,
But each brave Ajax heard, and interpos'd ;
Nor longer Hector with his Trojans stood,
But left their slain companion in his blood :
His arms Automedon divests, and cries,
' Accept, Patroclus ! this mean sacrifice :
Thus have I sooth'd my griefs, and thus have paid,
Poor as it is, some offering to thy shade.'

So looks the lion o'er a mangled boar,
All grim with rage, and horrible with gore ;
High on the chariot at one bound he sprung,
And o'er his seat the bloody trophies hung.

And now Minerva from the realms of air
Descends impetuous, and renews the war ;
For, pleas'd at length the Grecian arms to aid,
The lord of thunders sent the blue-ey'd maid.
As when high Jove denouncing future woe,
O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow,
(In sign of tempests from the troubled air,
Or from the rage of man, destructive war)
The drooping cattle dread the' impending skies,
And from his half-till'd field the labourer flies :
In such a form the goddess round her drew,
A livid cloud, and to the battle flew.
Assuming Phoenix' shape on earth she falls,
And in his well-known voice to Sparta calls :
' And lies Achilles' friend, belov'd by all,
A prey to dogs beneath the Trojan wall ?
What shame to Greece for future times to tell,
To thee the greatest in whose cause he fell !'

' O chief, O father ! (Atreus' son replies)
O full of days ! by long experience wise !
What more desires my soul, than here unmov'd
To guard the body of the man I lov'd ?

Al! would Minerva send me strength to rear
This wearied arm, and ward the storm of war!
But Hector, like the rage of fire, we dread,
And Jove's own glories blaze around his head.

Pleas'd to be first of all the powers address'd,
She breathes new vigour in her hero's breast,
And fills with keen revenge, with fell despite,
Desire of blood, and rage, and lust of fight.
So burns the vengeful hornet (soul all o'er),
Repuls'd in vain, and thirsty still of gore;
(Bold son of air and heat) on angry wings
Untam'd, untir'd, he turns, attacks, and stings.
Fir'd with like ardour fierce Atrides flew,
And sent his soul with every lance he threw.

There stood a Trojan, not unknown to fame,
Eëtion's son, and Podes was his name:
With riches honour'd, and with courage bless'd,
By Hector lov'd, his comrade, and his guest;
Through his broad belt the spear a passage found,
And, ponderous as he falls, his arms resound.
Sudden at Hector's side Apollo stood,
Like Phænops, Asius' son, appear'd the god;
(Asius the great, who held his wealthy reign
In fair Abydos, by the rolling main).

'O prince (he cried), O foremost once in fame!
What Grecian now shall tremble at thy name?
Dost thou at length to Menelæus yield,
A chief once thought no terror of the field;
Yet singly, now, the long-disputed prize
He bears victorious, while our army flies;
By the same arm illustrious Podes bled;
The friend of Hector, unreveng'd, is dead!
This heard, o'er Hector spreads a cloud of woe,
Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.

But now the' Eternal shook his sable shield,
That shaded Ide and all the subject field
Beneath its ample verge. A rolling cloud
Involv'd the mount; the thunder roar'd aloud;
The' affrighted hills from their foundations nod,
And blaze beneath the lightnings of the god:
At one regard of his all-seeing eye
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors fly.

Then trembled Greece: the flight Peneleus led;
For as the brave Bæotian turn'd his head
To face the foe, Polydamas drew near,
And raz'd his shoulder with a shorten'd spear:
By Hector wounded, Leitus quits the plain,
Pierc'd through the wrist; and raging with the
pain,

Grasps his once formidable lance in vain.

As Hector follow'd, Idomen address'd
The flaming javelin to his manly breast;
The brittle point before his corselet yields;
Exulting Troy with clamour fills the fields:
High on his chariot as the Cretan stood,
The son of Priam whirl'd the missive wood;
But erring from its aim, the' impetuous spear
Struck to the dust the squire and charioteer
Of martial Merion: Cæranus his name,
Who left fair Lyctus for the fields of fame.
On foot bold Merion fought; and now laid low,
Had grac'd the triumphs of his Trojan foe;
But the brave squire the ready coursers brought,
And with his life his master's safety bought.
Between his cheek and ear the weapon went,
The teeth it shatter'd, and the tongue it rent.
Prone from the seat he tumbles to the plain;
His dying hand forgets the falling rein:

This Merion reaches, bending from the car,
And urges to desert the hopeless war :
Idomeneus consents ; the lash applies ;
And the swift chariot to the navy flies.

Nor Ajax less the will of heaven descried,
And conquest shifting to the Trojan side,
Turn'd by the hand of Jove. Then thus begun,
To Atreus' seed, the godlike Telamon :

' Alas ! who sees not Jove's almighty hand
Transfers the glory to the Trojan band ?
Whether the weak or strong discharge the dart,
He guides each arrow to a Grecian heart :
Not so our spears ; incessant though they rain,
He suffers every lance to fall in vain.
Deserted of the god, yet let us try
What human strength and prudence can supply ;
If yet this honour'd corse, in triumph borne,
May glad the fleets that hope not our return,
Who tremble yet, scarce rescued from their fates,
And still hear Hector thundering at their gates.
Some hero too must be dispatch'd to bear
The mournful message to Pelides' ear ;
For sure he knows not, distant on the shore,
His friend, his lov'd Patroclus, is no more.
But such a chief I spy not through the host :
The men, the steeds, the armies, all are lost
In general darkness——Lord of earth and air !
O king ! O father ! hear my humble prayer :
Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore ;
Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more :
If Greece must perish, we thy will obey,
But let us perish in the face of day !

With tears the hero spoke, and at his pray'r
The god relenting clear'd the clouded air ;

Forth burst the sun with all-enlightening ray ;
The blaze of armour flash'd against the day.
' Now, now, Atrides ! cast around thy sight ;
If yet Antilochus survives the fight,
Let him to great Achilles' ear convey
The fatal news'——Atrides hastes away.

So turns the lion from the nightly fold,
Though high in courage, and with hunger bold,
Long gall'd by herdsmen, and long vex'd by hounds,
Stiff with fatigue, and fretted sore with wounds ;
The darts fly round him from an hundred hands,
And the red terrors of the blazing brands :
Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day
Sour he departs, and quits the' untasted prey.
So mov'd Atrides from his dangerous place
With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace ;
The foe, he fear'd, might yet Patroclus gain,
And much admonish'd, much adjur'd his train :

' O guard these relics to your charge consign'd,
And bear the merits of the dead in mind ;
How skill'd he was in each obliging art ;
The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart :
He was, alas ! but fate decreed his end,
In death a hero, as in life a friend !'

So parts the chieftain ; from rank to rank he flew,
And round on all sides sent his piercing view.
As the bold bird, endued with sharpest eye
Of all that wing the mid ærial sky,
The sacred eagle, from his walks above
Looks down, and sees the distant thicket move ;
Then stoops, and sousing on the quivering hare,
Snatches his life amid the clouds of air.
Not with less quickness, his exerted sight [fight :
Pass'd this, and that way, through the ranks of

Till on the left the chief he sought, he found,
Cheering his men, and spreading deaths around :

To him the king : ' Belov'd of Jove ! draw near,
For sadder tidings never touch'd thy ear ;
'Thy eyes have witness'd, what a fatal turn !
How Ilium triumphs, and the' Achaians mourn ;
This is not all : Patroclus, on the shore
Now pale and dead, shall succour Greece no more.
Fly to the fleet, this instant fly, and tell
The sad Achilles, how his lov'd-one fell :
He too may haste the naked corpse to gain ;
'The arms are Hector's, who despoil'd the slain.'

The youthful warrior heard with silent woe,
From his fair eyes the tears began to flow :
Big with the mighty grief, he strove to say
What sorrow dictates, but no word found way.
To brave Laodocus his arms he flung,
Who, near him wheeling, drove his steeds along ;
'Then ran, the mournful message to impart,
With tearful eyes, and with dejected heart.

Swift fled the youth : nor Menelaüs stands
(Though sore distress'd) to aid the Pylian bands ;
But bids bold Thrasymede those troops sustain ;
Himself returns to his Patroclus slain.

' Gone is Antilochus (the hero said) ;
But hope not, warriors, for Achilles' aid ;
Though fierce his rage, unbounded be his woe,
Unarm'd, he fights not with the Trojan foe.
'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain,
'Tis our own vigour must the dead regain ;
And save ourselves, while with impetuous hate
Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate.'

' 'Tis well (said Ajax), be it then thy care,
With Merion's aid, the weighty corse to rear ;

Myself, and my bold brother, will sustain
The shock of Hector and his charging train :
Nor fear we armies, fighting side by side ;
What Troy can dare, we have already tried,
Have tried it, and have stood.' The hero said.
High from the ground the warriors heave the dead.
A general clamour rises at the sight :
Loud shout the Trojans, and renew the fight.
Not fiercer rush along the gloomy wood,
With rage insatiate and with thirst of blood,
Voracious hounds, that many a length before
Their furious hunters drive the wounded boar ;
But if the savage turns his glaring eye,
They howl aloof, and round the forest fly.
Thus on retreating Greece the Trojans pour,
Wave their thick falchions, and their javelins show'r :
But Ajax turning, to their fears they yield,
All-pale they tremble, and forsake the field.

While thus aloft the hero's corse they bear,
Behind them rages all the storm of war ;
Confusion, tumult, horror, o'er the throng
Of men, steeds, chariots, urg'd the rout along :
Less fierce the winds with rising flames conspire
To whelm some city under waves of fire ;
Now sink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes,
Now crack the blazing temples of the gods ;
The rumbling torrent through the ruin rolls,
And sheets of smoke mount heavy to the poles.
The heroes sweat beneath their honour'd load :
As when two mules, along the rugged road,
From the steep mountain with exerted strength
Drag some vast beam, or mast's unwieldy length ;
Inly they groan, big drops of sweat distill,
The' enormous timber lumbering down the hill :

So these—Behind, the bulk of Ajax stands,
And breaks the torrent of the rushing bands.
Thus when a river swell'd with sudden rains
Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains,
Some interposing hill the stream divides,
And breaks its force, and turns the winding tides.
Still close they follow, close the rear engage;
Æneas storms, and Hector foams with rage:
While Greece a heavy, thick retreat maintains,
Wedg'd in one body, like a flight of cranes,
That shriek incessant while the falcon, hung
High on pois'd pinions, threatens their callow young.
So from the Trojan chiefs the Grecians fly,
Such the wild terror, and the mingled cry:
Within, without the trench, and all the way,
Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armour lay;
Such horror Jove impress'd! yet still proceeds
The work of death, and still the battle bleeds.

THE
EIGHTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE GRIEF OF ACHILLES, AND NEW ARMOUR MADE HIM BY VULCAN.

THE news of the death of Patroclus is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis, hearing his lamentations, comes with all her sea-nymphs to comfort him. The speeches of the mother and son on this occasion. Iris appears to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him to show himself at the head of the intrenchments. The sight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydamas disagree in their opinions; but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field. The grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan to obtain new arms for her son. The description of the wonderful works of Vulcan; and, lastly, that noble one of the shield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine and twentieth day, and the night ensuing, take up this book. The scene is at Achilles' tent on the sea-shore, from whence it changes to the palace of Vulcan:

THE
ILIAD.

BOOK XVIII.

THUS like the rage of fire the combat burns,
And now it rises, now it sinks by turns,
Meanwhile, where Hellespont's broad waters flow,
Stood Nestor's son the messenger of woe :
There sat Achilles, shaded by his sails,
On hoisted yards extended to the gales ;
Pensive he sat ; for all that fate design'd
Rose in sad prospect to his boding mind.
Thus to his soul he said : ' Ah ! what constrains
The Greeks, late victors, now to quit the plains !
Is this the day, which heaven so long ago
Ordain'd, to sink me with the weight of woe ?
(So Thetis warn'd) when by a Trojan hand
The bravest of the Myrmidonian band
Should lose the light ? Fulfill'd is that decree ;
Fallen is the warrior, and Patroclus he !
In vain I charg'd him soon to quit the plain,
And warn'd to shun Hectorean force in vain !

Thus while he thinks, Antilochus appears,
And tells the melancholy tale with tears.
' Sad tidings, son of Peleus ! thou must hear ;
And wretched I, the unwilling messenger !

Dead is Patroclus ! For his corse they fight ;
His naked corse : his arms are Hector's right."

A sudden horror shot through all the chief,
And wrapt his senses in the cloud of grief ;
Cast on the ground, with furious hands he spread
The scorching ashes o'er his graceful head ;
His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
Those he deforms with dust, and these he tears ;
On the hard soil his groaning breast he threw,
And roll'd and grovell'd, as to earth he grew.
The virgin captives, with disorder'd charms,
(Won by his own, or by Patroclus' arms) [round,
Rush'd from the tents with cries ; and gathering
Beat their white breasts, and fainted on the ground :
While Nestor's son sustains a manlier part,
And mourns the warrior with a warrior's heart ;
Hangs on his arms, amidst his frantic woe,
And oft prevents the meditated blow.

Far in the deep abysses of the main,
With hoary Nereus, and the watery train,
The mother-goddess from her crystal throne
Heard his loud cries, and answer'd groan for groan.
The circling Nereids with their mistress weep,
And all the sea-green sisters of the deep.
Thalia, Glauçè (every watery name),
Nesæa mild, and silver Spio came :
Cymothoë and Cymodoce were nigh,
And the blue languish of soft Alia's eye.
Their locks Actæa and Limnoria rear,
Then Proto, Doris, Panopè appear,
Thoä, Pherusa, Doto, Melita ;
Agave gentle, and Amphithoë gay :
Next Callianira, Callianassa show
Their sister looks ; Dexamenè the slow,

And swift Dynamenè, now cut the tides :
Iæra now the verdant wave divides :
Nemertes with Apseudes lifts the head,
Bright Galatea quits her pearly bed ;
These Orythia, Clymenè, attend,
Mæra, Amphinomè, the train extend ;
And black Janira, and Janassa fair,
And Amatheia with her amber hair.
All these, and all that deep in ocean held
Their sacred seats, the glimmering grotto fill'd ;
Each beat her ivory breast with silent woe,
Till Thetis' sorrows thus began to flow :

‘ Hear me, and judge, ye sisters of the main !
How just a cause has Thetis to complain !
How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate !
How more than wretched in the' immortal state !
Sprung from my bed a godlike hero came,
The bravest far that ever bore the name ;
Like some fair olive, by my careful hand
He grew, he flourish'd, and adorn'd the land ;
To Troy I sent him ; but the fates ordain
He never, never must return again.
So short a space the light of heaven to view,
So short, alas ! and fill'd with anguish too !
Hear how his sorrows echo through the shore !
I cannot ease them, but I must deplore ;
I go at least to bear a tender part,
And mourn my lov'd-one with a mother's heart.’

She said, and left the caverns of the main,
All bath'd in tears ; the melancholy train
Attend her way. Wide-opening part the tides,
While the long pomp the silver wave divides.
Approaching now, they touch'd the Trojan land ;
Then, two by two, ascended up the strand.

The' immortal mother, standing close beside
Her mournful offspring, to his sighs replied ;
Along the coast their mingled clamours ran,
And thus the silver-footed dame began.

' Why mourns my son? thy late preferr'd request
The god has granted, and the Greeks distress'd :
Why mourns my son? thy anguish let me share,
Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care.'

He, deeply groaning—' To this cureless grief,
Not e'en the thunderer's favour brings relief.
Patroclus—Ah!—say, goddess, can I boast
A pleasure now? revenge itself is lost ;
Patroclus, lov'd of all my martial train,
Beyond mankind, beyond myself, is slain !
Lost are those arms the gods themselves bestow'd
On Peleus ; Hector bears the glorious load.
Curs'd be that day, when all the powers above
Thy charms submitted to a mortal love :
O hadst thou still, a sister of the main,
Pursued the pleasures of the watery reign ;
And happier Peleus, less ambitious, led
A mortal beauty to his equal bed !
Ere the sad fruit of thy unhappy womb
Had caus'd such sorrows past, and woes to come.
For soon, alas ! that wretched offspring slain,
New woes, new sorrows, shall create again.
'Tis not in fate the' alternate now to give ;
Patroclus dead, Achilles hates to live.
Let me revenge it on proud Hector's heart,
Let his last spirit smoke upon my dart ;
On these conditions will I breathe : till then,
I blush to walk among the race of men.'

A flood of tears, at this, the goddess shed :
' Ah then, I see thee dying, see thee dead !

When Hector falls, thou diest.'—'Let Hector die,
And let me fall! (Achilles made reply)
Far lies Patroclus from his native plain!
He fell, and, falling, wish'd my aid in vain.
Ah then, since from this miserable day
I cast all hope of my return away;
Since, unreveng'd, a hundred ghosts demand
The fate of Hector from Achilles' hand;
Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,
I live an idle burden to the ground,
(Others in council fam'd for nobler skill,
More useful to preserve, than I to kill)
Let me—But oh! ye gracious powers above!
Wrath and revenge from men and gods remove:
Far, far too dear to every mortal breast,
Sweet to the soul, as honey to the taste;
Gathering like vapours of a noxious kind
From fiery blood, and darkening all the mind.
Me Agamemnon urg'd to deadly hate;
'Tis past—I quell it; I resign to fate.
Yes—I will meet the murderer of my friend;
Or (if the gods ordain it) meet my end.
The stroke of fate the bravest cannot shun:
The great Alcides, Jove's unequal'd son,
To Juno's hate at length resign'd his breath,
And sunk the victim of all-conquering death.
So shall Achilles fall! stretch'd pale and dead,
No more the Grecian hope, or Trojan dread!
Let me, this instant, rush into the fields,
And reap what glory life's short harvest yields.
Shall I not force some widow'd dame to tear
With frantic haps her long dishevell'd hair?
Shall I not force her breasts to heave with sighs,
And the soft tears to trickle from her eyes?

Yes, I shall give the fair those mournful charms—
In vain you hold me—Hence! my arms, my arms!—
Soon shall the sanguine torrent spread so wide,
That all shall know, Achilles swells the tide.'

' My son (cœrulean Thetis made reply,
To fate submitting with a secret sigh),
The host to succour, and thy friends to save,
Is worthy thee; the duty of the brave.
But can'st thou, naked, issue to the plains?
Thy radiant arms the Trojan foe detains.
Insulting Hector bears the spoils on high,
But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh.
Yet, yet awhile, thy generous ardour stay;
Assur'd, I meet thee at the dawn of day,
Charg'd with refulgent arms (a glorious load),
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a god.'

Then turning to the daughters of the main,
The goddess thus dismiss'd her azure train.

' Ye sister Nereids! to your deeps descend;
Haste, and our father's sacred seat attend;
I go to find the architect divine,
Where vast Olympus' starry summits shine:
So tell our hoary sire—This charge she gave:
The sea-green sisters plunge beneath the wave:
Thetis once more ascends the bless'd abodes,
And treads the brazen threshold of the gods.'

And now the Greeks, from furions Hector's force,
Urge to broad Hellespont their headlong course;
Nor yet their chiefs Patroclus' body bore
Safe through the tempest to the tented shore.
The horse, the foot, with equal fury join'd,
Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd close behind:
And like a flame through fields of ripen'd corn,
The rage of Hector o'er the ranks was borne.

Thrice the slain hero by the foot he drew ;
Thrice to the skies the Trojan clamours flew :
As oft the Ajaces his assault sustain ;
But check'd, he turns ; repuls'd, attacks again.
With fiercer shouts his lingering troops he fires,
Nor yields a step, nor from his post retires :
So watchful shepherds strive to force, in vain,
The hungry lion from a carcase slain.
E'en yet Patroclus had he borne away,
And all the glories of the' extended day,
Had not high Juno, from the realms of air,
Secret, dispatch'd her trusty messenger.
The various goddess of the showery bow,
Shot in a whirlwind to the shore below ;
To great Achilles at his ships she came,
And thus begun the many-colour'd dame.

‘ Rise, son of Peleus ! rise divinely brave !
Assist the combat, and Patroclus save :
For him the slaughter to the fleet they spread,
And fall by mutual wounds around the dead.
To drag him back to Troy the foe contends :
Nor with his death the rage of Hector ends :
A prey to dogs he dooms the corse to lie,
And marks the place to fix his head on high.
Rise, and prevent (if yet you think of fame)
Thy friend's disgrace, thy own eternal shame !’

‘ Who sends thee, goddess, from the' ethereal
Achilles thus. And Iris thus replies : [skies !’

‘ I come, Pelides ! from the queen of Jove,
The' immortal empress of the realms above ;
Unknown to him who sits remote on high,
Unknown to all the synod of the sky.’
‘ Thou com'st in vain, (he cries, with fury warm'd),
Arms I have none ; and can I fight unarm'd ?’

Unwilling as I am, of force I stay,
Till Thetis bring me at the dawn of day
Vulcanian arms : what other can I wield;
Except the mighty Telamonian shield?
That, in my friend's defence, has Ajax spread,
While his strong lance around him heaps the dead :
The gallant chief defends Menœtius' son,
And does what his Achilles should have done.'

'Thy want of arms (said Iris) well we know,
But though unarm'd, yet clad in terrors, go !
Let but Achilles o'er yon trench appear ;
Proud Troy shall tremble, and consent to fear :
Greece from one glance of that tremendous eye
Shall take new courage, and disdain to fly.'

She spoke, and pass'd in air. The hero rose :
Her ægis Pallas o'er his shoulder throws ;
Around his brows a golden cloud she spread ;
A stream of glory flam'd above his head.
As when from some beleagu'rd town arise
The smokes, high-curling to the shaded skies ;
(Seen from some island, o'er the main afar,
When men distress'd hang out the sign of war)
Soon as the sun in ocean hides his rays,
Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze ;
With long-projected beams the seas are bright,
And heaven's high arch reflects the ruddy light :
So from Achilles' head the splendours rise,
Reflecting blaze on blaze against the skies.
Forth march'd the chief, and distant from the crowd,
High on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud ;
With her own shout Minerva swells the sound ;
Troy starts astonish'd, and the shores rebound.
As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far
With shrilling clangor sounds the' alarm of war,

Struck from the walls, the echoes float on high,
And the round bulwarks and thick towers reply ;
So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd :
Hosts dropt their arms, and trembled as they heard ;
And back the chariots roll, and coursers bound,
And steeds and men lie mingled on the ground.
Aghast they see the living lightnings play,
And turn their eye-balls from the flashing ray.
Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he rais'd ;
And thrice they fled, confounded and amaz'd.
Twelve in the tumult wedg'd, untimely rush'd
On their own spears, by their own chariots crush'd :
While, shielded from the darts, the Greeks obtain
The long-contended carcase of the slain.

A lofty bier the breathless warrior bears :
Around, his sad companions melt in tears.
But chief Achilles, bending down his head,
Pours unavailing sorrows o'er the dead,
Whom late triumphant, with his steeds and car,
He sent refulgent to the field of war ;
(Unhappy change!) now senseless, pale, he found,
Stretch'd forth, and gash'd with many a gaping wound.

Meantime, unwearied with his heavenly way,
In ocean's waves the unwilling light of day
Quench'd his red orb, at Juno's high command,
And from their labours eas'd the Achaian band.
The frightened Trojans (panting from the war,
Their steeds unharness'd from the weary car)
A sudden council call'd : each chief appear'd
In haste, and standing ; for to sit they fear'd.
'Twas now no season for prolong'd debate ;
They saw Achilles, and in him their fate.
Silent they stood : Polydamas at last,
Skill'd to discern the future by the past,

The son of Pánthus, thus express'd his fears ;
(The friend of Hector, and of equal years :
The self-same night to both a being gave,
One wise in council, one in action brave).

‘ In free debate, my friends, your sentence speak ;
For me, I move, before the morning break,
To raise our camp : too dangerous here our post,
Far from Troy walls, and on a naked coast.
I deem'd not Greece so dreadful, while engag'd
In mutual feuds her king and hero rag'd ;
Then, while we hop'd our armies might prevail,
We boldly camp'd beside a thousand sail.
I dread Pelides now : his rage of mind
Not long continues to the shores confin'd,
Nor to the fields, where long in equal fray
Contending nations won and lost the day ;
For Troy, for Troy, shall henceforth be the strife,
And the hard contest not for fame, but life.
Haste then to Ilion, while the favouring night
Detains those terrors, keeps that arm from fight ;
If but the morrow's sun behold us here,
That arm, those terrors, we shall feel, not fear ;
And hearts that now disdain, shall leap with joy,
If heaven permit them then to enter Troy.
Let not my fatal prophecy be true,
Nor what I tremble but to think, ensue.
Whatever be our fate, yet let us try
What force of thought and reason can supply ;
Let us on counsel for our guard depend ;
The town her gates and bulwarks shall defend.
When morning dawns, our well-appointed powers,
Array'd in arms, shall line the lofty towers.
Let the fierce hero then, when fury calls,
Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky walls,

Or fetch a thousand circles round the plain,
Till his spent coursers seek the fleet again :
So may his rage be tir'd, and labour'd down ;
And dogs shall tear him ere he sack the town.'

' Return? (said Hector, fir'd with stern disdain)
What, coop whole armies in our walls again?
Was't not enough, ye valiant warriors, say,
Nine years imprison'd in those towers ye lay?
Wide o'er the world was Ilion fam'd of old
For brass exhaustless, and for mines of gold :
But while inglorious in her walls we stay'd,
Sunk were her treasures, and her stores decay'd ;
The Phrygians now her scatter'd spoils enjoy,
And proud Mæonia wastes the fruits of Troy.
Great Jove at length my arms to conquest calls,
And shuts the Grecians in their wooden walls :
Dar'st thou dispirit whom the gods incite?
Flies any Trojan? I shall stop his flight.
To better counsel then attention lend ;
Take due refreshment, and the watch attend.
If there be one whose riches cost him care,
Forth let him bring them for the troops to share ;
'Tis better generously bestow'd on those,
Than left the plunder of our country's foes.
Soon as the morn the purple orient warms,
Fierce on you navy will we pour our arms.
If great Achilles rise in all his might,
His be the danger : I shall stand the fight.
Honour, ye gods! or let me gain, or give ;
And live he glorious, whosoe'er shall live!
Mars is our common lord, alike to all ;
And oft the victor triumphs, but to fall.'
The shouting host in loud applauses join'd :
So Pallas robb'd the many of their mind ;

To their own sense condemn'd, and left to choose
The worst advice, the better to refuse.

While the long night extends her sable reign,
Around Patroclus mourn'd the Grecian train.
Stern in superior grief Pelides stood ;
Those slaughtering arms, so us'd to bathe in blood,
Now clasp his clay-cold limbs : then gushing start
The tears, and sighs burst from his swelling heart.
The lion thus, with dreadful anguish stung,
Roars through the desert, and demands his young ;
When the grim savage, to his rifled den
Too late returning, snuffs the track of men,
And o'er the vales and o'er the forest bounds ;
His clamorous grief the bellowing wood resounds.
So grieves Achilles ; and, impetuous, vents
To all his Myrmidons his loud laments.

' In what vain promise, gods ! did I engage,
When to console Menœtius' feeble age,
I vow'd his much-lov'd offspring to restore,
Charg'd with rich spoils, to fair Opuntia's shore ?
But mighty Jove cuts short, with just disdain,
The long, long views of poor designing man !
One fate the warrior and the friend shall strike,
And Troy's black sands must drink our blood alike :
Me too a wretched mother shall deplore,
An aged father never see me more !
Yet, my Patroclus ! yet a space I stay,
Then swift pursue thee on the darksome way.
Ere thy dear relics in the grave are laid,
Shall Hector's head be offer'd to thy shade ;
That, with his arms, shall hang before thy shrine ;
And twelve the noblest of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire ;
Their lives effus'd around thy flaming pyre.

Thus let me lie till then ! thus, closely press'd,
Bathe thy cold face, and sob upon thy breast !
While Trojan captives here thy mourners stay,
Weep all the night, and murmur all the day :
Spoils of my arms, and thine ; when, wasting wide,
Our swords kept time, and conquer'd side by side.

He spoke, and bid the sad attendants round
Cleanse the pale corpse, and wash each honour'd
A massy caldron of stupendous frame [wound.
They brought, and plac'd it o'er the rising flame :
Then heap'd the lighted wood ; the flame divides
Beneath the vase, and climbs around the sides :
In its wide womb they pour the rushing stream ;
The boiling water bubbles to the brim.
The body then they bathe with pious toil,
Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil,
High on a bed of state extended laid,
And decent cover'd with a linen shade ;
Last o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw ;
That done, their sorrows and their sighs renew.

Meanwhile to Juno, in the realms above,
(His wife and sister) spoke almighty Jove.
' At last thy will prevails : great Peleus' son
Rises in arms : such grace thy Greeks have won.
Say (for I know not) is their race divine,
And thou the mother of that martial line ?' [plies,
' What words are these ? (the' imperial dame re-
While anger flash'd from her majestic eyes)
Succour like this a mortal arm might lend,
And such success mere human wit attend :
And shall not I, the second power above,
Heaven's queen, and consort of the thundering Jove,
Say, shall not I one nation's fate command,
Not wreak my vengeance on one guilty land ?'

So they. Meanwhile the silver-footed dame
Reach'd the Vulcanian dome, eternal frame !
High-eminent amid the works divine,
Where heaven's far-beaming brazen mansions shine.
There the lame architect the goddess found,
Obscure in smoke, his forges flaming round,
While bath'd in sweat from fire to fire he flew ;
And puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.
That day no common task his labour claim'd :
Full twenty tripods for his hall he fram'd,
That plac'd on living wheels of massy gold,
(Wondrous to tell) instinct with spirit roll'd
From place to place, around the bless'd abodes,
Self-mov'd, obedient to the beck of gods :
For their fair handles now, o'erwrought with flow'rs,
In moulds prepar'd, the glowing ore he pours.
Just as responsive to his thought the frame
Stood prompt to move, the azure goddess came :
Charis, his spouse, a grace divinely fair,
(With purple fillets round her braided hair)
Observ'd her entering ; her soft hand she press'd,
And, smiling, thus the watery queen address'd :
 ' What, goddess ! this unusual favour draws ?
All hail, and welcome ! whatsoe'er the cause :
Till now a stranger, in a happy hour
Approach, and taste the dainties of the bow'r.'
 High on a throne, with stars of silver grac'd,
And various artifice, the queen she plac'd ;
A footstool at her feet : then calling, said,
 ' Vulcan, draw near, 'tis Thetis asks your aid.'
 ' Thetis (replied the god) our powers may claim,
An ever-dear, an ever-honour'd name !
When my proud mother hurl'd me from the sky,
(My awkward form, it seems, displeas'd her eye)

She, and Eurynomè, my griefs redress'd,
And soft receiv'd me on their silver breast.
E'en then, these arts employ'd my infant thought ;
Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys, I wrought.
Nine years kept secret in the dark abode,
Secure I lay, conceal'd from man and god :
Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led ;
The rushing ocean murmur'd o'er my head.
Now, since her presence glads our mansion, say,
For such desert what service can I pay ?
Vouchsafe, O Thetis ! at our board to share
The genial rites, and hospitable fare ;
While I the labours of the forge forego,
And bid the roaring bellows cease to blow.'

Then from his anvil the lame artist rose ;
Wide with distorted legs oblique he goes,
And stills the bellows, and (in order laid)
Locks in their chests his instruments of trade.
Then with a sponge the sooty workman dress'd
His brawny arms imbrown'd, and hairy breast.
With his huge sceptre grac'd, and red attire,
Came halting forth the sovereign of the fire :
The monarch's steps two female forms uphold,
That mov'd, and breath'd in animated gold ;
To whom was voice, and sense, and science given,
Of works divine (such wonders are in heaven !)
On these supported, with unequal gait,
He reach'd the throne where pensive Thetis sate ;
There plac'd beside her on the shining frame,
He thus address'd the silver-footed dame.

' Thee, welcome goddess ! what occasion calls
(So long a stranger) to these honour'd walls ?
'Tis thine, fair Thetis, the command to lay,
And Vulcan's joy and duty to obey.'

To whom the mournful mother thus replies :
(The crystal drops stood trembling in her eyes)
‘ O Vulcan ! say, was ever breast divine
So pierc’d with sorrows, so o’erwhelm’d as mine ?
Of all the goddesses, did Jove prepare
For Thetis only such a weight of care ?
I, only I, of all the watery race,
By force subjected to a man’s embrace,
Who, sinking now with age and sorrow, pays
The mighty fine impos’d on length of days.
Sprung from my bed, a godlike hero came,
The bravest sure that ever bore the name ;
Like some fair plant beneath my careful hand
He grew, he flourish’d, and he grac’d the land :
To Troy I sent him ! but his native shore
Never, ah never, shall receive him more ;
(E’en while he lives, he wastes with secret woe)
Nor I, a goddess, can retard the blow !
Robb’d of the prize the Grecian suffrage gave,
The king of nations forc’d his royal slave :
For this he griev’d ; and, till the Greeks oppress’d
Requir’d his arm, he sorrow’d unredress’d.
Large gifts they promise, and their elders send ;
In vain—He arms not, but permits his friend
His arms, his steeds, his forces to employ :
He marches, combats, almost conquers Troy :
Then slain by Phœbus (Hector had the name)
At once resigns his armour, life, and fame.
But thou, in pity, by my prayer be won :
Grace with immortal arms this short-liv’d son,
And to the field in martial pomp restore,
To shine with glory, till he shines no more !
To her the artist-god : ‘ Thy griefs resign,
Secure, what Vulcan can, is ever thine.

O could I hide him from the Fates as well,
Or with these hands the cruel stroke repel,
As I shall forge most envied arms, the gaze
Of wondering ages, and the world's amaze!

Thus having said, the father of the fires
To the black labours of his forge retires.
Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd
Their iron mouths; and, where the furnace burn'd,
Resounding breath'd: at once the blast expires,
And twenty forges catch at once the fires;
Just as the god directs, now loud, now low,
They raise a tempest, or they gently blow;
In hissing flames huge silver bars are roll'd,
And stubborn brass, and tin, and solid gold:
Before, deep fix'd, the' eternal anvils stand;
The ponderous hammer loads his better hand,
His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round,
And thick, strong strokes, the doubling vaults re-
bound.

Then first he form'd the' immense and solid
shield;
Rich various artifice emblaz'd the field;
Its utmost verge a threefold circle bound;
A silver chain suspends the massy round;
Five ample plates the broad expanse compose,
And godlike labours on the surface rose.
There shone the image of the master-mind:
There earth, there heaven; there ocean he design'd;
The' unwearied sun, the moon completely round;
The starry lights that heaven's high convex crown'd;
The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team;
And great Orion's more refulgent beam;
To which, around the axle of the sky,
The Bear, revolving, points his golden eye,

Still shines exalted on the' ethereal plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

Two cities radiant on the shield appear,
The image one of peace, and one of war.
Here sacred pomp, and genial feast delight,
And solemn dance, and hymeneal rite ;
Along the street the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed :
'The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the soft flute, and cittern's silver sound :
Through the fair streets the matrons in a row
Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.

There in the forum swarm a numerous train ;
The subject of debate, a townsman slain :
One pleads the fine discharg'd, which one denied,
And bade the public and the laws decide :
The witness is produc'd on either hand :
For this, or that, the partial people stand :
The' appointed heralds still the noisy bands,
And form a ring, with sceptres in their hands :
On seats of stone, within the sacred place,
The reverend elders nodded o'er the case ;
Alternate, each the' attesting sceptre took,
And rising solemn, each his sentence spoke :
Two golden talents lay amidst, in sight,
The prize of him who best adjudg'd the right.

Another part (a prospect differing far)
Glow'd with refulgent arms, and horrid war.
Two mighty hosts a leaguer'd town embrace,
And one would pillage, one would burn the place.
Meantime the townsmen, arm'd with silent care,
A secret ambush on the foe prepare :
Their wives, their children, and the watchful band
Of trembling parents, on the turrets stand.

They march; by Pallas and by Mars made bold :
Gold were the gods, their radiant garments gold,
And gold their armour : these the squadron led,
August, divine, superior by the head !
A place for ambush fit they found, and stood
Cover'd with shields, beside a silver flood.
Two spies at distance lurk, and watchful seem
If sheep or oxen seek the winding stream.
Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,
And steers slow-moving, and two shepherd swains ;
Behind them, piping on their reeds, they go,
Nor fear an ambush, nor suspect a foe.
In arms the glittering squadron rising round
Rush sudden ; hills of slaughter heap the ground,
Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,
And, all amidst them, dead, the shepherd swains !
The bellowing oxen the besiegers hear ;
They rise, take horse, approach, and meet the war ;
They fight, they fall, beside the silver flood ;
The waving silver seem'd to blush with blood.
There Tumult, there Contention stood confess'd ;
One rear'd a dagger at a captive breast ;
One held a living foe, that freshly bled
With new-made wounds ; another dragg'd a dead ;
Now here, now there, the carcasses they tore :
Fate stalk'd amidst them, grim with human gore.
And the whole war came out, and met the eye ;
And each bold figure seem'd to live, or die.

A field deep furrow'd next the god design'd,
The third time labour'd by the sweating hind ;
The shining shares full many ploughmen guide,
And turn their crooked yokes on every side.
Still as at either end they wheel around,
The master meets them with his goblet crown'd ;

The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil,
Then back the turning ploughshares cleave the soil :
Behind, the rising earth in ridges roll'd ;
And sable look'd, though form'd of molten gold.

Another field rose high with waving grain ;
With bended sickles stand the reaper-train :
Here stretch'd in ranks the levell'd swarths are
found,
Sheaves heap'd on sheaves here thicken up the
ground.

With sweeping stroke the mowers strow the lands ;
The gatherers follow, and collect in bands ;
And last the children, in whose arms are borne
(Too short to gripe them) the brown sheaves of corn.
The rustic monarch of the field descries
With silent glee the heaps around him rise.
A ready banquet on the turf is laid,
Beneath an ample oak's expanded shade.
The victim ox the sturdy youth prepare ;
The reaper's due repast, the women's care.

Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines,
Bent with the ponderous harvest of its vines ;
A deeper dye the dangling clusters show,
And, curl'd on silver props, in order glow :
A darker metal mix'd intrench'd the place ;
And pales of glittering tin the' inclosure grace.
To this, one pathway gently winding leads,
Where march a train with baskets on their heads,
(Fair maids, and blooming youths) that smiling bear
The purple product of the' autumnal year.
To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,
Whose tender lay the fate of *Linus* sings ;
In measur'd dance behind him move the train,
Tune soft the voice, and answer to the strain.

Here herds of oxen march, erect and bold,
Rear high their horns, and seem to low in gold,
And speed to meadows on whose sounding shores
A rapid torrent through the rushes roars :
Four golden herdsmen as their guardians stand,
And nine sour dogs complete the rustic band.
Two lions rushing from the wood appear'd ;
And seiz'd a bull, the master of the herd ;
He roar'd : in vain the dogs, the men withstood ;
They tore his flesh, and drank his sable blood.
The dogs (oft cheer'd in vain) desert the prey,
Dread the grim terrors, and at distance bay.

Next this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads
Deep through fair forests, and a length of meads ;
And stalls, and folds, and scatter'd cots between ;
And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the scene.

A figur'd dance succeeds : such once was seen
In lofty Gnossus, for the Cretan queen,
Form'd by Dædalean art : a comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand.
The maids in soft simars of linen dress'd ;
The youths all graceful in the glossy vest :
Of those the locks with flowery wreaths inroll'd :
Of these the sides adorn'd with swords of gold,
That, glittering gay, from silver belts depend.
Now all at once they rise, at once descend,
With well-taught feet : now shape, in oblique ways,
Confus'dly regular, the moving maze :
Now forth at once, too swift for sight, they spring,
And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring :
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle tost,
And, rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.
The gazing multitudes admire around :
Two active tumblers in the centre bound ;

Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend :
And general songs the sprightly revel end.

Thus the broad shield complete the artist crown'd
With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round :
In living silver seem'd the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.

This done, whate'er a warrior's use requires
He forg'd ; the cuirass that outshines the fires,
The greaves of ductile tin, the helm impress'd
With various sculpture, and the golden crest.
At Thetis' feet the finish'd labour lay :
She, as a falcon, cuts th' aërial way,
Swift from Olympus' snowy summit flies,
And bears the blazing present through the skies.

END OF VOL. III.

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